FOR MEN

AND MEN ONLY!

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JAMES TREMBATH

"But Doctor! If I walked in my sleep, wouldn't I remember it?"

FOR MEN
AND MEN ONLY!

Vol. I, No. 5
August, 1937

Fred J. Feldkamp
Editor

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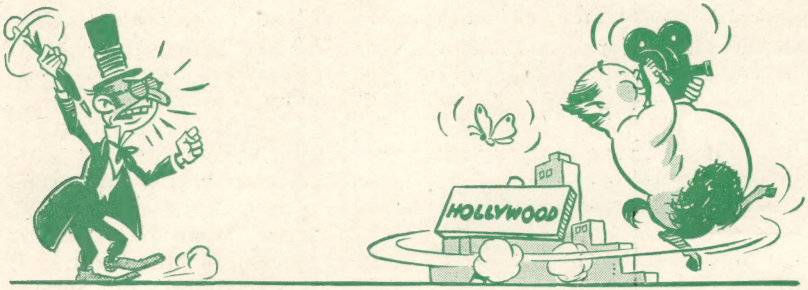
By J. P. McEVOY

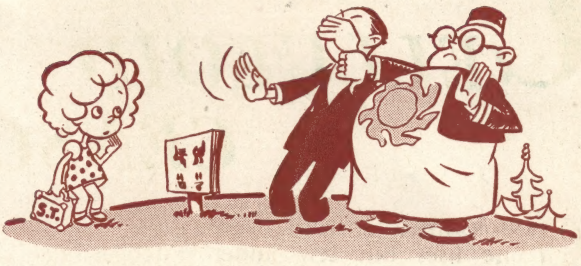
CELLULOID CENSORS

CENSORSHIP is a word everyone uses but few understand. To put it briefly, it's simply the art of minding the other fellow's business. This applies in Hollywood as well as in Berlin or Leningrad. In the United States pictures are censored for Communism, in Russia for Capitalism, in China for Imperialism, in Austria for Fascism. Shed a tear then for the poor Hollywood producer who, if he straddles a political theme, winds up doing a split.

Some nations have a national censorship—Japan, for example—where, contrary to general opinion, almost everything goes except kidding constituted authority, and kissing to excess. In Japanese-made films they don't allow kissing at all, but Hollywood turns out so many kisses they have given up trying to dodge them, and now they limit their disapproval to snipping. To this old Hollywood mechanic, it is quite startling to see a cutie get all set to be smacked vigorously and then have her short-circuited right in the middle of her ecstasy. A recent report stated that the Japanese officials had cut 8,000 feet of kisses out of foreign pictures in the last year. They keep all censored film in storage—they are hoarding tons of it in Tokyo—and why, I will never know. Some day it will all go up in spontaneous combustion.

In China the censorship situation, as you might expect, is apparently very simple, but really very complex. The official censors are the central publicity committee of the Kuomintang





party. The provisions under which they operate are so elastic that even Shirley Temple could be barred for indecent exposure as defined by the New Life Movement. If a picture is in doubt, it is seldom barred offhand. It is kept in Nanking until everybody has forgotten about it, including the producers. Sometimes even after it has been passed by Nanking and shown in a first-run house, it is recalled for censorship again and, likely as not, barred. After pictures have run the gauntlet of Nanking, they have to do it all over again in Canton, while there's an entirely different censorship in Hongkong and one more in Shanghai where the Settlement police and the French sit in jointly with a mutual understanding to work together. When I was over there last winter, *Oil For The Lamps Of China,* a film based on the book, had been in Nanking three months, with every prospect of staying there. I haven't seen the picture so I don't know why it was held up. But then I've seen many pictures that were held up, and still don't know why.

Down in Java *you* may not know why they censor pictures, but *they* do. I was browsing around that part of the world last summer trying if possible to learn why the Javanese like American pictures better than any other kind, and why the British are so annoyed about it. Also, having just escaped from a year and a half in a Hollywood squirrel cage, I had more than the esthete's interest in censorship as she is practised down where the zest begins. So I found myself in Batavia where they had just barred a Mae West saga. And since I had done a certain amount of the carpentry and plumbing work on this edifice, I slithered into my sarong, leaped on my bicycle, and went right over there quick like a mouse. I found that the Censorship Committee consisted of three serious guardians of the public morals—one Malay, one Chinese, and one Half-Caste. And the reason they gave for barring the Mae West opus was that it lowered the prestige of the white woman in the Far East. Cummup an' top that some time!

Of course, there has been a lot of criticism of Mae West, the original sweetheart of Sigma

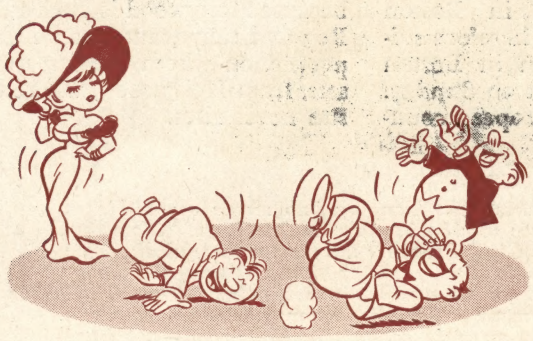
GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Now may I marry your daughter?"

Chi, because little girls used to swish around and say "Cummup an' see muh sum time." They were supposed to be going to hell entirely. Now what is the truth? Little girls have been swishing around for many thousands of years, and I suspect they will go on doing it long after Mae West is lavender and old lace. I submit it is a commendable gesture rooted in a fine old urge, and I like it. But whether I like it or you don't, censoring movies won't stop it. There is nothing subversive of morals in a Mae West picture. Mae is not a high-priestess of carnality, as the censors would have you believe. She is just a Gay-Ninety cartoon of sex. She is not a lure, but a laugh. Mae on the make rolls them in the aisles with glee. When they sneakpreview a Mae West out here, they check the laughs—not the leers. If there aren't enough laughs, they bring it back to the factory, put it on the Assembly line, and rows of gagsters line up on each side and drop nifties into all the places marked *fui*.

The movies suffer more from censors than any other enterprise, probably because the men who make the movies are afraid to fight back. One must admit that the censors make a fight difficult since they usually advance to battle behind a screen of women and children. You hear a lot from them about the children who have been ruined by the movies but this is bunk. Most censorship centers on the love scenes in pictures, and love scenes bore children to tears. As for the alleged bad effects of the gangster pictures, most of our lads still would rather be cowboys than trigger men; the proof is that Edward G. Robinson in his best days was never half as popular as Tom Mix.

I was working in a Hollywood studio at the time one of those great winds came out of the East and raised quite a cloud of dust in our little Dirt Bowl. The movie moguls were frightened. They rushed this way and that, cowering together under a eucalyptus to confer and issue timid denials of guilt. Then lists of the banned pictures began to appear in the papers, and lo and behold the public nearly



broke down the doors trying to see them. The Big Bad Wolf of Hollywood came up out of his rathskeller. He learned anew that the good old public can always be counted upon to react violently to coercion. Tell We the People that We mustn't do something and that's all We need to start Us doing it. The storm blew over, the wind died down, the dust settled, and the movie moguls walked once more in the California sunshine. The Devil was well and even began to joke about it. One said, when asked what he thought of it all: "Now that the Ministers have emptied the churches, they want to start on the theatres."

In the United States there is no national censorship. It is confined to a few states, a few cities, and sporadic police activity generally based on local political expediency. Sometimes it stems out of old Blue Laws and the results are as quaint as the whip sockets that used to appear on the dashboards of the first automobiles. For example, the state censorship applies in Boston only on Sundays. Therefore suicide may be shown in Boston on Monday but not on Sunday.

Censorship in European countries often hides the cloven foot of world trade under the long gown of moral condemnation. England, France, Italy, Germany are all up in arms against the superior charms of Hollywood make-believe. The reason is obvious to anyone who gets around. Every hour of the twenty-four, somewhere in the world, untold millions of people are watching their heroes in American clothes woo their heroines in American fashions as they ride in American cars to dance to American music, where American food is served on American dishes in American style. And then the heroes and the heroines marry in the American manner and go to live in American houses full of American furniture and in due course of time have American children—and that last item, my friends, is the only American product that the rest of the world is not indignant about.

Or perhaps you are one of those who think the British Empire has gone into the making of motion pictures in a big way because Hollywood is Puck's Bad Boy and they want to save their people, on whom the sun never sets, from Hollywood, where the sun never rises.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mr. McEvoy has been bumping into movie censorship at first hand since way back, when he first began "Glorifying the American Girl." Probably the most successful of all his works—which include plays, motion pictures, and books of prose and verse—was his novel titled "Show Girl." Along with many other distinctions, he's the country's leading expert on what goes on in Hollywood—and why!

SUICIDE FOR BEGINNERS

Ten queasy lessons in the dainty art of self-destruction

So you have decided to End It All; you have made up your mind to forsake the flesh. The only point remaining to be decided is—how?

Your problem is one which is faced by 600 people every day in the United States. All of them solve it in a manner sufficiently effective so that their remains arrive in due course at the county morgues. But the vast majority show a decided lack of imagination and originality in performing what is, in most cases, the most dramatic and momentous act of their lives, and in the one choice of a course of conduct in which they are under the least outside compulsion.

There are, in addition, the several hundred persons daily who, due to chance or bungling, make an incomplete job of it, and who linger on for more or less extended periods in hospitals or asylums, or who fail entirely and either give up the idea or try again.

For your benefit, there is here compiled some information which may help you to decide on your next step. Perhaps, after studying the data, you may reconcile yourself to living. Whatever your course, you won't be able to say you chose it in ignorance.

Should your suicidal rage persist, however, the probability is that you will shoot yourself. Forty-one out of a hundred male suicides go by that route.

If you do, you will probably shoot yourself in the brain. Most men do, apparently in the belief that it is the surest and least painful spot. You may place the muzzle of the gun

By ROMAN SLOBODIN

either at your temple, against your ear, or into your mouth, pointing upward.

Aside from the fear and horror you may feel on actually pulling the trigger, you will not be subjected to great physical anguish, so far as is known. Before your nervous system has time to register the pain of the slug piercing your flesh, it will have smashed through the skull and torn into the brain, paralyzing all sensation. The bullet will probably traverse the interior of your cranium, destroying brain tissue in its path, until it is stopped by hitting some heavy bone structure, such as the top of the spine or the jaw.

The wound where the bullet enters will probably be neat and small, bleeding little, but it will be made conspicuous because the surrounding skin will be scorched by flame and blackened by smoke. If, on reaching the other side of your head, the bullet happens to strike light bone, such as the thin area of the skull around the ear, it may emerge. The wound of exit will be very different from that of entry, a gaping hole with bits of extruded flesh hanging out of it, perhaps bleeding copiously. The missile may be deflected so that it plows down through the brain-pan and emerges from the face, tearing out a large area of the countenance and smashing the teeth on its way.

Of course, if you should choose to shoot yourself through the eye, the wound where the bullet enters will not be a pretty sight, either.

The cause of death, naturally, will be hemorrhage of the brain. Your heart may continue beating for several minutes, but you will not know about that.

There is a possibility—and it is one grave drawback which disposes many suicides against this method—that the bullet in your brain will not kill you. You may not even lose consciousness, or you may regain it, wholly or partly, later. In that case, there would be a chance of your survival, either totally or partially paralyzed, or blind, or as a drooling idiot, a mere mass of animate flesh.

Also, there is a faint chance that you might recover entirely. The human brain is a curious organ, and what is known about it is only a minute fraction of all there is to be learned. Recently, at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, Dr. Stuart N. Rowe reported on cases in which persons had survived the loss of large portions of their brains with their intellect and functions almost unimpaired.

These were, of course, surgical cases, in which the excision of brain matter was performed under antiseptic conditions. In the cases of suicides who happen to survive a gunshot wound in the head, the chances are strong that death will ensue later due

to infection. In such an event, you would undergo the inconvenience of a fatal illness, accompanied by high fever and the pain of your wounds.

The brain itself will not trouble you with any pangs. That organ, the center of sensation, is incapable of experiencing any sensation, as it contains no sensory apparatus.

The peculiarities of the brain were strikingly illustrated in the singular suicide many years ago in Virginia of a Mr. Henry Grymes. Suffering from delirium, Mr. Grymes went into the country and hit himself over the head with a sharp stone held in his hand. After several heavy blows he had not lost consciousness, but had succeeded in breaking loose a piece of the top of his skull, measuring two inches by three. This he lifted from its place and cast aside. He then reached into the interior of his cranium and with his fingers tore out several handfuls of brain matter. Thereupon he returned to his senses. He walked home in complete possession of his faculties and lived for two days. The manner of his death is not recorded, but it is a likely assumption that it was due directly to infection.

Next to shooting, in point of favor with men who commit suicide, are hanging, gas, and poison. These four methods are also most frequently chosen by women, but in a different order of selection. Women, among whom, incidentally, there are only half as many suicides as among men, prefer poison. Thirty-two out of every hundred women who end their lives do so by this means. Second choice, among feminine suicides, is asphyxiation. These two methods are apparently preferred by the ladies under the impression that they are gentle and not disfiguring. Their sex evinces a touching solicitude as to personal appearance even after voluntary death. It is far more common among women than among men to find that the deceased has clothed herself in her daintiest garments and reclined in a graceful posture before swallow-

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Lucius Beebe's the name—from the Tribune. I never miss a first night"

ing the fatal capsule or turning on the gas.

The classic example of the persistence of feminine impulses in the face of the determination to die is the tale of the suicide epidemic among the virgins of the ancient city of Miletus, in Greece. In this case, it was the sense of modesty, rather than vanity, which was demonstrated.

Mass suicide among the young females of Miletus had reached such alarming proportions that the city fathers took action. They decreed that the body of any maiden who killed herself was to be exposed naked in the market place. That ended the suicide wave instantly.

This curious psychological quirk of suicides sometimes takes amazing forms. There was, for instance, the fellow who jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. A policeman threw him a rope, but he refused to take hold of it. After several futile attempts and much persuasive argument, the policeman drew his gun and threatened to shoot the man unless he grasped the line. The would-be suicide seized it in a hurry and was saved.

Mass suicide is another strange phenomenon of the psychology of self-destruction, but it is very rare. Most "suicide waves" such as the one a few years ago among college students, are fictitious. That one was based on the coincidence of several college suicides within a few days, among them those of two boys attending the same institution, and was built up by newspaper fanfare. Within a couple of weeks, anyone who killed himself, who had ever attended a business school or barber college, was listed as a student suicide. Actually, statistics showed that the suicide rate during that period was no higher than usual for adolescents—and, contrary to popular impression, that rate is very low.

Still, there are some genuine instances of mass suicide. One of the weirdest occurred in 1897 in the city of Tiraspol, Russia, where 28 persons buried themselves alive to escape being counted in the census, which they believed was "sinful." A varying form of the same type of mass psychology can be seen in the fact that a particular spot is frequently chosen by a number of people as the site for suicide. Every major city has one or more favorite suicide resorts. Eighty-seven people have thrown themselves from the California Street Bridge in Los Angeles. The elevated railroad station at 110th St. and Eighth Avenue, in New York, highest point on that city's "L" lines, is chosen for death by about twenty people a year, a record it has maintained for many years. High fences and wire gratings have been erected to deter the jumpers, but have been only partly successful.

The bridges over the Danube at Budapest are so popular that

the police there maintain a special patrol in speedboats to fish out the attempted suicides. The custom was initiated about a century ago by the sculptor who decorated the oldest of the bridges. People had jeered at him because in carving several large roaring lions for the

bridge approaches, he had neglected to provide them with tongues. So on the day before the bridge was open, the artist dedicated it by leaping from the span.

The expectation of suicides that they will have a pleasant and easy demise often proves, alas, to be an illusion, particularly when using poison. Deaths by poison, in fact, are frequently among the messiest, most long-drawn-out, most painful, and most disfiguring of all. This is especially true in the case of those products, labeled with red skull and crossbones, which are to be found in every home medicine chest and kitchen closet, beckoning the disappointed lover, the betrayed maiden, the deserted wife, along the road to oblivion.

Most of these handy chemicals are of the corrosive type. Corrosives kill by destroying the body tissues. They eat away the tongue and the palate, the lining of the throat and stomach; they gnaw holes in the intestines, until the whole interior of the unfortunate who has ingested them feels as though it had turned into liquid fire. Those deluded persons, for instance, who draw their dose of death from the bathroom bottle of bichloride of mercury tablets, condemn themselves to hours, and in some cases, days of writhing in agony, accompanied by constant retching and vomiting. This is frequently prolonged by the officious conduct of their families, friends, physicians and police, who in an effort to detain the suicide in an unwanted life, resort to such expedients as emetics and stomach pumps, which draw out none too gently the rather unappetizing contents of the human digestive tract.

There are, of course, poisons with a different type of action. But the quick-and-easy kinds are rare and costly, and druggists do not dispense them to the public. The one substance probably most widely regarded by the layman as synonymous with a speedy and painless plunge into eternity, is cyanide. Here, too, is something of a misconception. The action of cyanide compounds is not instantaneous. Before death there is a period of extreme distress, during which the subject is seized with violent convulsions. The lady who disposes her person becomingly on a chaise-longe and then swallows cyanide need not expect to be found in that position. She will probably be discovered on the floor, arms and legs grotesquely twisted, eyes staring, foam on her lips, tongue protruding and her complexion blue-black.

Some poisons bring a rapid onset of rigor mortis, so that the body of the deceased is stiff as a board. Others produce interesting changes in the color of the skin, which after death turns yellow, green, or blue.

Yes, whether for men or for women, poison has its drawbacks.

As for hanging, despite its popularity, that is really no job for an amateur. Even the most expert professional hangmen all too often make mistakes, so that the condemned victim, instead of having his neck neatly broken, is choked to death. Strangulation is a damned unpleasant business, as anyone can testify who has even had a piece of bread lodged momentarily in his windpipe, or who has had his breath cut off for a few seconds in a friendly wrestling bout. The average suicide has no such elaborate equipment for clamping shut the carotid artery and snapping his spine as is possessed by State prisons. A length of clothesline slung across an overhead pipe and a box to jump off are more his style. There is no tremendous jerk; there is rather a gradual tightening of the loop about the neck—a long-drawn-out choking. The dying man loses consciousness gradually and regains it spasmodically; the animal urge to live overcomes the human impulse to die; he threshes about, kicking out futilely in search of a foothold; mouth and jaw work convulsively as he attempts to suck just a spoonful of air into the tortured lungs. In the end he is found with his countenance purple, eyes popping, perhaps a trickle of blood down his chin because he has chewed his tongue and lips, or even with the end of his tongue bitten clean off and lying on the floor.

Oh, no, by all means don't try hanging. That's for those who know how. Unless, of course, you have some special reason for choosing this method, as did the Englishman who, feeling unjustly treated by his neighbors, hanged himself from the clapper

of the village church bell. His swinging body caused the bell to ring slowly, bringing the populace around to witness the result of their malice.

On the use of gas there is no need for extended discussion, because your gas suicide advertises his action, frequently long before he has had time to die. Consequently, many are hauled out of the arms of Persephone, and the experience of these survivors have been widely recounted and are generally known. Nevertheless, one or two points will bear a little emphasis. The first is that gas kills rather slowly. You don't take an irrevocable step, and that's that. You have quite a long time to reflect upon the fact that you are dying. For most people, this does not come under the heading of fun in bed.

Another thing about gas is that it may take into the grave along with you other individuals who have no desire to die; your parents, wife, children, neighbors, dog, cat and canary. The usual type of attempt by the gas suicide to seal his room by closing the door and stuffing some rags against it would, in less tragic circumstances, be ludicrous.

Also, in this age of electricity, escaping gas is not likely to travel far without encountering a spark of current. It need not be a big spark—just the tiny kind that occurs in electric clocks, refrigerators and other automatic household appliances. In that case, you may find that you have died by being blown through a wall.

Besides the four favorite methods of suicide there are a number of others, less common but still sufficiently popular so that a number of cases occur in this country every day. The facts about these are generally well enough known to require little further elucidation here. Everyone has heard descriptions of the sensations of drowning, which combines features of hanging and asphyxiation with flourishes of its own, and everyone knows of the unprepossessing aspect of a drowned body.

Then, too, there is no need to describe the painful and sticky sensations and slovenly appearance of people who cut their throats or slash their wrists, and still less necessity for detailing the rapid changes in the fleshy habiliments of one who takes a dry-dive from a high place to the sidewalk. As to this last means of self-extermination, it might be well to note that contrary to a somewhat widespread notion, one does not lose consciousness on the way down. This is reliably reported by those few individuals who, through being caught by the heels in an awning, or bouncing off clothes lines, fire escapes and telephone wires, have survived their exploit.

It may be, of course, that you are one of those folk who find

satisfaction in making their progress out of this world as painful as possible. In that case, you might be interested in the example of the lady of ancient Rome who swallowed live coals, or the French ironworker who jumped into a blast furnace, or the workman in a New York City incinerator who recently roasted himself with the refuse.

Or there is hara-kiri. This charming Japanese custom is more than a means of ending one's life; it also constitutes a display of fortitude, carried out with all the formality to which that nation is devoted. Clad in ceremonial garments, the gentleman involved kneels on a platform in public, holding a dagger. A friend stands behind him with upraised sword. Grasping the dagger with both hands, the hara-kiri artist plunges it deep into the left side of his abdomen and slashes all the way across to the right. Then he turns the blade and cuts upward. As his entrails spill out, the friend ends his suffering with a lusty blow of the sword to the back of his neck.

A well-conducted hara-kiri requires physical strength, disdain of pain, and a flair for showmanship. But in all these qualities it pales into insignificance by comparison with the spectacular suicide of Matthew Lovat, an Italian shoemaker, about a century ago.

If ever a posthumous prize is awarded for the world's juiciest suicide, Signor Lovat will undoubtedly be a strong candidate for first place. A resident of the city of Venice, self-destruction was something of a hobby with him. In a previous attempt he had failed to die, but had succeeded in inflicting a wound which caused him to lose an important physical function. For this he was ridiculed by his fellow-citizens, so Signor Lovat determined to perish in a manner calculated to teach them a lesson.

He nailed two pieces of lumber together in the form of a cross. Wearing a loin cloth as his only garment, he sat down on the upright member of the cross and nailed his feet to a bracket. He then transfixed his left hand on a spike previously driven into the arm of the cross. He found no way of disposing of his right hand, and in the end it remained hanging limply. He wounded himself in the side with a shoemaker's tool. He placed a crown of thorns upon his head. Then, by means of a rope and pulley previously rigged to the cross, he dragged the whole apparatus and himself through his second-story window to dangle in the sight of all Venice.

The only flaw in this ingenious arrangement was that Signor Lovat failed to die promptly. He was cut down, disengaged from his cross, and taken to a hospital, where he lingered for some time.

Women Don't Flow Uphill

If you are old enough,
you too knew "Maxine"

By GEORGES SURDEZ

That this happened in North Africa and involved a member of the French Foreign Legion is incidental. The principals may be somewhat unusual, but the situation is duplicated anywhere, for the basic rules of the game remain the same and a soft-hearted sucker can always find someone to take him for everything.

My friend, whom I shall call Sergeant Victor, did not have the excuse of inexperience. As a matter of fact, he held a rare distinction, for he had been sued for paternity by a dancing girl at the tender age of fourteen. That is not very extraordinary when explained: Victor was a Russian, had been born a prince and sent to the School for Pages in Petrograd (to use the approved émigré name) as a very young boy, with an allowance of twenty-five hundred rubles a month for his minor expenses, in days when a ruble was worth a half-buck of anybody's money. With that amount, no one needs to suffer the ordinary adolescent repression anywhere. The path, after all, is beaten toward the bait, not toward the mouse-trap.

Victor had been born with old-fashioned wealth and old-fashioned obligations. He was seventeen when the Great War started, and left for the front at once, as a sub-lieutenant of artillery. He rolled with the guns from Poland to East Prussia, from the Carpathians to Rumania, from the Balkans to the Crimea. He was a captain in Wrangel's White Army, until it was dispersed.

Consequently, as a very young man, he had lived many lives. War and glory, wondrous weeks of leave in extreme luxury, the bitter months in Istanbul when he had earned his food selling

postal-cards to his former colleagues in the Allied Army of Occupation, the back-breaking labor of stoker on a small steamer plying along the coasts of Asia Minor. He had been a waiter in a Russian night-club in Paris, had graduated to gigolo.

Five-feet eleven-inches tall, with broad, muscular shoulders, slim hips and legs, blond and handsome almost in a feminine fashion, an excellent dancer, bearing a title, he had lived very well for a time. Until he had realized, as he said "that it was not a permanent occupation for a trained soldier." He had enlisted in the Foreign Legion, then busier than it has been since, what with the Riff aflame and the Middle Atlas yet to be conquered.

At a time when the Foreign Regiments were flooded with Russian recruits, all claiming officer's rank in the past, all claiming titles, he contrived to attract favorable attention. His title was genuine, and he was a good artilleryman. Moreover he spoke French as well as Russian, German, Danish, and Polish. It was predicted that he would be in charge of a company before very long.

Six years later, I met him—second in command of a special artillery section of the Legion, in a Saharan town, acting as second-lieutenant, but still wearing a sergeant's chevrons. In contrast with other Russians, he showed exceptional economy. He did not indulge in champagne suppers on pay day. Yet he had less ready cash than his rasher friends.

"He should be a captain," his lieutenant, a smart young Frenchman, told me. "A man with his education, his experience—it's a shame."

"Why isn't he a captain, then? He's courageous enough, isn't he?"

"Three French decorations won with us. Has a lot of Russian crosses in his trunk. As you see, he is sober—drinks like a gentleman. Oh, yes, he has physical courage. But he lacks moral guts. He can be slated for a commission any time he desires. But he's stuck with a woman."

That was amazing. A liaison is not considered important in the Legion. For instance, keeping a native girl brings no more public disapproval than owning a pet such as a cat or a dog. I mentioned this.

"We understand a man needing a woman," the officer agreed. "We even provide women in out of the way places, and regulate the traffic everywhere. We're realists. I can tell you this, because I have told him to his face ten times at least, as has everyone who likes him. We understand a man owning a tart, and we understand a man being owned by one. But the last we cannot tolerate."

"In love with her?"

"No man is in love with the

same woman five years. Usually, in a marriage, it's friendship and physical habit. No, he's not in love with her—even sees her faults clearly. But he does something rather more common than you'd think: He is substituting himself for God—plays the Redeemer to the hilt. An expensive sport; polo isn't in it!"

There were perhaps two-hundred European inhabitants in the town. Thirty or thirty-five were women. In less than a week, I had learned all about them, which were which, which were what. Husbands, lovers, keepers, I believed I had them all sorted out and catalogued. And I could not account for Victor's girl.

"She's in Oran, hundreds of miles away," the lieutenant told me. "The Territorial Commander ordered her away for misconduct. We are trying to salvage the chap, and he's agreed to make an effort to break. Good-looking? At one time, maybe. But she is thirty-two and has lived hard. Worth spending the twenty minutes necessary to compliment her with direct attentions, but no more. Certainly, not the life-time of a fine fellow."

"You know her?"

"I knew her when!" he laughed. "In every sense of the word. So did every man garrisoned in Meknes at that time with fifteen to twenty-five francs to spend. She was known as Maxine, but her real name is prosaic: Odette Lassagne. Victor met her when he joined the second Regiment at Meknes—she was at Alice's house, and had been for a couple of years. He visited her three or four times casually, then he was hooked, took her out, used most of his pay to support her—to give her a break in life, to make a good woman of her!

"He would have married her. But, fortunately, a non-commissioned man needs the colonel's approval. And it was refused. It was proved to Victor that she had lied to him, that she had never received a first class education, that she was not the daugh-

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

". . . and then Little Red Riding Hood said, 'Why, Grandma, what sharp teeth you have'"

ter of a hero—she said her father had been Colonel M....., who was killed in the Wadai in 1911.

"Victor was warned that he would not be sent up for a commission as long as he was tangled up with her. I'm the last to claim that all professional officers' wives are models of virtue, but, damn it, there is a standard! And we all knew the type: she would be noisy. Even when simply kept by him, she insisted on being called Princess, and had cards engraved bearing a little crown—paid for with his hard-earned pay!

"Victor replied that he felt responsible for her soul. When a Russian starts speaking of 'soul,' argument is useless. There is a streak of masochism to it—you understand! His friends tried everything—proved that she was using the room he paid for and that his contribution merely enabled her to lower prices. He answered that one could not hope for a complete cure so soon. The tolerance was not reciprocal, either. If she saw him talking to a woman, anywhere—she made a scene. She insulted a captain's wife when he saluted her on the street, accusing her of misbehaving with her prince!

"So, the cops chased her out of town. And Victor was transferred to a blockhouse in the mountains. She joined him there. He was demoted to corporal, punished. She quit him, because he had no money to spare as a corporal. And as soon as he was a sergeant again, he sent for her—that was in Southern Morocco, in Agadir. He paid her rent, gave her money. But she was arrested for practising her calling without examination. And she actually said he had derived profit from the business. He smiled sadly, and did not contradict her. But she was sent off again.

"We thought he had had a lesson. But she wrote him that she was in a hospital, in Algiers, that she was likely to die. So his pay went to her. And we all knew that if he had a commission, a place in life, she would come back, and he would marry her!

"She joined him here when he first came. And she called herself Princess Victor. She had written to his relatives scattered in Europe, begged for money as his wife. And she betrayed him with everyone who wished, for fifteen francs, for ten, for two, for nothing. 'You see,' Victor says to us, 'it's not greed. It's illness.' And when we point out that he shouldn't appoint himself her doctor, he replies: 'No one else cares for her. She'd kill herself if I abandoned her.'

"That's something else—she keeps him on edge with fake attempts at suicide, she scratches herself with scissors, she leaves a lighted charcoal brazier going—when she knows he'll come in time. She has shot—and missed—herself with his service pistol. He is paying for her room and

board in Oran. And what does she do? She serves as a convenience for all his acquaintances when they're there on leave, or passing through.

"He's due for a commission, on his promise that he will not see her again. He has broken with her by letter—I saw the exchange of correspondence. But she won't let him—"

That night, I mentioned the matter to Victor; he couldn't resent it, everyone had heard—he must know I knew. He shrugged, smiled patiently: "You don't understand. Like all the rest, you consider physical misbehavior as final. Underneath, she's a little girl, a very small, very foolish little girl."

"Don't go Russian on me, Victor, please!"

"I'm not going Russian. I'm a human being who has suffered a lot himself. If you could know her as I do—listen to her, when she cries like a baby. But I've given in; I'll give her up."

The Fourteenth of July came around. July in the Sahara, a sun that strikes like lead sheets. But there must be a celebration, a review. As a member of the artillery section, Victor was mounted. He had put on his best white uniform, his finest belting, his decorations—in honor of the day—and because the adjutant would read his assignment to school for a commission. He was about to finish his long climb back, to become an officer again. He had remained a gentleman—always. He was pleased with life—smiling, as handsome as a hero in a story book.

I was crossing the barracks yard with him, when she appeared. She was tall, almost as tall as he, with a withered face that once had been beautiful, a face lighted by mad, very black, very wide eyes. Her unkempt brown hair straggled, stuck to the perspiration and muddy powder on her face. She had defied the interdiction order against her and come down on the day's train.

"So, you're through with me?" she challenged.

"Listen, dear—it's policy. Better for both. I'll send you money, more money than before—"

"And you'll have made a bum out of me, eh?"

She had made a bum out of herself, and Victor should have

said that. But he looked on her as if fascinated. This man, with medals and crosses glittering on his chest, was afraid, and worse; he was rapturous at seeing her. One could see that he would yield. She must have seen it—yet she made her victory complete.

"You'll play the gentleman and the officer, but you won't marry me? You, so fine and showy—you dirty—" she went into action like a machine—attacked him, clawed his face, ripped the decorations from his breast. His braided *képi* rolled in the dust. She picked it up and slapped him with it.

Privates gathered, laughing: Victor's tart at it again. He would lose prestige and have to be transferred. I was sick at the sight of his humiliation, caught her arm and whirled her away. In that instant, I could see that she was afraid. But he sent me reeling with a smash on the chest: "Don't touch her, keep your hands off her. You don't understand."

And she went back at him. His cross-belt had snapped, the fine thin tunic was in rags, the crosses and medals were scattered in the sand. His face bled from scratches around the eyes. But a fanatical resignation lighted his glance—he was the redeemer, the eternally patient friend . . .

There was nothing to be done. I left them struggling before an amused crowd and entered the company's office. The lieutenant was there, shaking his head.

"That kills his chances again. Done for, he's done for!"

He probably spoke the truth.

Many months later, in America, I received a cable from Victor. He asked for money, as he had "borrowed" five thousand francs from military funds entrusted to him. I sent the amount, as an offering to Fate for sparing me such an experience. Weeks later, I received a letter of thanks and explanations. He had escaped prison that time, but had been reduced to the ranks.

She had been in a hospital, with pneumonia, and had needed to convalesce in a milder climate! I knew, as he did, that this had been a lie. And there was silence, for a year. Then Victor "borrowed" again, and had no money left to cable. By the time I had his letter, he had been found out. He went to the penitentiary.

He is still there, if alive. And I have the anguished certainty that if he is released, she will be waiting—skinnier, older, more haggard.

It all goes to show that the danger is not in loving them, but in growing attached to them. Love that kind where you find them—and leave them there. Water does not flow uphill.

Nor do women.

Sobol BITES BACK

A LETTER FROM my pal disturbs me.

He writes "and this time, show me a hot time. You owe it to me."

"A hot time!" That has me on my ear.

Two months ago when he drove in to New York from Waterbury, I went out of my way to show him the town as I knew it—motivated by a purely selfish and vanity-tinged objective. He was an old schoolmate and I was the local boy who had made good (after a fashion) in the big town. I wanted to send him home gaping, envious, and loose-tongued about Sobol who knew li'l old Manhattan from the Bowery to the end of the subway line. If you originate from a small town, you know what I mean.

I remember starting him off at Twenty-One. Subtly I managed to convey to him the impression that the ordinary peasant has no chance to pass the threshold, that Twenty-One is reserved for the esoterics of the cinema, theatrical, and social sets. If cold-eyed Jimmy didn't halt you at the door, there was cold-eyed Jack Kriendler or colder-eyed Charlie Berns to frown politely which meant you'd get no farther than the bar—and no service at all.

Jimmy greeted us graciously, Jack told us something about an experience at the B-Bar-H ranch, and Charlie wanted to know what we were planning to do later. This, I figured, was getting off to a good start in the way of impressing the boy from the home town. Casually, we waved a hand in greeting to Charlie MacArthur, nodded to Kay Francis who had just arrived the day before, stopped to chat with Carl Laemmle, Jr., and ordered a drink sent over to Mark Hellinger and Gladys Glad.

Then we sat down and ordered. I paid a bill amounting to $17.00 but not before Henry from Waterbury had ample op-

By LOUIS SOBOL

portunity to see the figures totalled at the bottom.

From Jack and Charlie's, we drifted to the Stork Club. Here again I had managed to convey subtly that only the select few are welcome—that I wasn't certain we could get in. Joe at the door bowed. Sherman Billingsley, the proprietor, sat down with us. Jimmy, himself, took the order for brandy and sodas. Again in my most casual manner I nodded—when I was certain Henry was looking—to Jimmy Walker sitting at a corner table with Betty Compton. With something of a flourish I scrawled off a note to Babs Beckwith, the most beautiful model in town, asking her to stop by at our table on her way out.

I want to make this brief. I took Henry to El Morocco I took him to the Hollywood, introduced him to half a dozen of the pretties—including Marion Martin—and Benny Fields. I let him feast his eyes on shapely Janis Andre who Godiva-like rides in the nude on a nude horse at the Paradise. The French Casino was our next stop. I took him backstage and introduced him to five or six of the seductive wenches whom only a few moments before he had viewed in the nude on the stage.

Henry was from the home town. I was going to show him good old Broadway in the raw. At the Cotton Club I felt his pulse while the dusky Kaloah weaved provocative thighs in a dance of sex. At the Harlem Uproar House, I ringsided him so he could survey the nude sepian Ginger in her primeval dance of passion. At Mario's Mirado, he stared ceilingward while tiny Alma Bray swinging nonchalantly on a flying trapeze dropped all her garments, one by one.

I breakfasted him at Reuben's and introduced him to Estelle Taylor, J. Edgar Hoover, William Gaxton, and Nick the Greek.

It was six in the morning when I took him back to his hotel—quite satisfied with myself. I had shown Henry the time of his life.

I thought.

And here was his letter—"And this time, show me a hot time."

Pals, he's got me, Henry has.

How do you show a fellow a hot time on Broadway?

Burlesque? Well, a week ago, as this is being written, I might have front-rowed him at Minsky's Oriental and watched his eyes roll while the gals slipped out of their flimsies. But, friends and foes, there is no burlesque. The clergy of New York and the License Commissioner have seen to that. As this is being written, if you'll pardon the repetition, the only action in the burlesque houses is the slow weaving of webs by nude spiders.

Hot shows? Well, there's a couple of nude gels in the Granny outfit at the Hollywood—there are half a dozen nudies in the French Casino show—there's a nekkid girl on a nekkid hoss at the Paradise—but what's exciting about them? Henry saw all that his last time here—and got no kick out of it. The boy is hungry for excitement—what can I offer him?

I could steer him toward Leon and Eddie's where Eddie Davis chants his Rabelaisian hymns or down to Jimmy Kelly's where even the singing gels manage to loosen a shoulder strap and occasionally forget a G-string when the goings get gay. Or to Dickie Wells' in Harlem where he'll imagine he's seeing things that he isn't.

But on the level, Manhattan's the most namby-pamby town on the map these days. There's a house in St. Louis where you'll see more in thirty seconds than you will in all of Gotham in thirty days. There's a crib row in New Orleans and a little street in Reno where they guarantee you a tilt in blood pres-

sure. But Broadway—don't make me laugh!

The thrills (if you're looking for the kind of thrills Henry is) are phony baloney. The gyp cabbies will steer you to clip joints where you'll drink rat-gut and have a dame paw you but you'll end in the gutter in a coma—no dame, no purse—but plenty head.

A few of the nice boys make a living staging what is euphemistically termed a circus. It sets you back a double saw-buck and what you see may pass for excitement—but me, it sends to a doctor quick—a doctor with a stomach pump. There are plenty of the faded frills in town willing to put on a show for the stag boys—but hell's bells, why come to New York for that? Back in the small town, they do the same thing—only the girls are younger, fresher—and the tariff almost half.

How about the bootleg movies? That's the thing, oboy oboy! Straight from France. Everything goes and some fun, hey kid? But not on Broadway, my pets. Maybe in a few private homes—but the wicked street of the modern Sodom and Gomorrah has outgrown the dirty pictures, I give you my word it has. They don't even sell those little French postcards on street corners any more.

What's it all about? Has Broadway got religion? Not at all. It's simply that the good old Sprained Artery can no longer lead in excitement that has filth for its inspiration. Washington, New Orleans, St. Louis, St. Paul, Houston, and even Waco has it topped big dick and little joe.

Broadway offers you as current excitement dizzy patter by the zany Jack White, goofy chatter by the oaf, Joe Lewis, mild double-entendre chants by Eddie Davis, sophisticated hymns by Dwight Fiske. It will parade the prettiest girls in the world, white or black, at the Paradise, Hollywood, French Casino, Cotton Club, Harlem Uproar House, and Ubangi Club. It will offer you nude torsos at Jimmy Kelly's or Mario's El Mirador. Stars of the screen, stage, and society will rub elbows with you at Twenty-One, Stork, El Morocco, Colony, Tony's, LaRue's, and at a few of the hotel grill rooms. You'll get your bellyful of swing at the bistros along Montmartre lane, otherwise known as 52nd Street—the Onyx, Caliente, 18 Club, Yacht Club. It will provide memories redolent of the Mauve Decade at Bill Hardy's Gay Nineties where 74-year-old Joe Howard will sing out the plaintive song he wrote, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" or old minstrel Eddie Leonard will hum.

Yessir, you can have a fairly good time in the old town tonight or any night—but a "hot" time? Pal, take it from one who knows—cling to your little village in the sticks. That's where we city slickers go now for the good old-fashioned "hot" time.

HELLO, SUCKER!

ALL THE WORLD loves a winner. And it's rather an essential thing to have frequently, if you fool around horses. In fact, winners are quite necessary in every race that is run if some one is to be paid off . . . and that is the primary reason why every race player in the whole world bets money on a horse that in his estimation can beat every other horse running in the same race.

With that single incentive in the minds of hundreds of thousands of citizens, the horse racing industry has grown to a magnitude in America that places us second only to England. There isn't a State in the Union in which honest politicians are not working to get pari-mutuel betting legalized so that the state may participate in the tremendous race track revenue. And why not? $213,716,218 was fed into these machines in 1936. The nearest estimate that can be recorded of the money handled by the books of the Metropolitan tracks around New York is some $43,000,000. I'll venture to say that fully fifteen times this entire amount was bet throughout the United States in handbooks and in "rooms."

And how about these handbooks—and the "Horse Parlors" and the poolrooms and the thousand and one other individuals who are connected in this far-flung and yet closely-knit big business organization. They are definitely part of it. They cater to the great number of people all over the country who want to bet. And they are the ones you bet with away from the track. The layman doesn't realize this. He can't, because he has

By CLARKE ROBINSON

never been sufficiently interested in the game to do any more than glance over the headlines which announce the winner of some great stake race or handicap that takes down a tremendous purse. It is absolutely impossible for any man in the average walk of life to conceive of the millions of dollars a year that change hands in wagers on race results.

The credit system is probably as accurate as any carried on by a national corporation. The layers and the bettors know their merchandise better than any salesman or customer who functions in any other line in the country. There is probably more innate honesty between them than you will find in the layout of most industrial corporations. They don't cheat, welsh, or run out. Why? Because this is their business and they are going to be here tomorrow and the day after that. What are their credentials? Their word! How do they keep their books? How does the bettor know what he's betting on? That's just it.

Tied in with the most integral working of this huge machine is a little double sheet with numbers all over it called the SCRATCH SHEET . . . the *Readers Digest* of the racing industry. This little paper is the textbook and price-list of the horse world and goes out over the nation like a Dow-Jones ticker-tape machine which carries stock exchange prices to the most remote points of these United States. They are circulated exactly as any news magazine and sold at 15 and 25 cents. Arriving on the newsstands at 11:30 A.M. each day, they contain the complete list of races run at every track in America and the morning line and scratches as well as the price of every horse that is to run that day.

You have never been much interested in these little racing Bibles. True, you have seen more and more of them around month by month and as a matter of fact you have seen them come to occupy even more prominent positions on your newsdealer's stand of late. Also you have seen them laying around the desks and the waste baskets in the office.

Well, today you have heard about a horse at lunch. Maybe one of the chaps at the table gave it to you . . . or a man who had come into someone's office that morning. Possibly the waiter who has served you for nigh onto a year now wants to feel that he may let you in on a little private information. In any event the information that was peddled said that not under any conditions could this particular horse miss. If, my friend, you have sufficient larceny in your soul, something inside you cries out to get down on this killing.

When you have returned to the office you take out an envelope on which you have jotted down the name of the horse and the track where he is running

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"I must have turned around too quickly when you tapped me on the shoulder"

and quietly call in your secretary.

"How do you get down a bet on a horse, Miss Black?" you inquire. "I have seen you and the girls . . ."

Out comes her scratch sheet.

"What's his name, Mr. Weeks?"

She has New Jersey or she has Blum who runs the cigar store in the hall downstairs.

"Let's see . . . Mawson . . . Second race at Oaklawn Park. I want to bet five dollars . . ."

"To win?" she says.

You fumble a moment . . . not being an addict.

Yes, you want to bet it to win.

"What's the last line?" Miss Black asks the bookmaker on the other end . . . "Four . . ."

She gives a nod.

"O.K., Charlie," she speaks quietly. "Five to win on Mawson in the second at Oaklawn. Call it back please. Right . . . That's for me. Natalie Black over at the Henderson Company. I'll send a check in the morning if he doesn't hit."

You find yourself a little chagrined. Here is a young lady in your office . . . your own secretary . . . who really knows so much more about these things than you do. She even has an account with a book just as you have an account with a Stock Exchange house or a balance in the bank.

She has always got a lot of those funny little papers around her desk studying them. What did she say they were again?

"What are those different colored little papers you bring in each day, Miss Black?" you ask again.

"Scratch Sheets."

Oh yes. That's where you first learned their name. Funny little things that a guy buys and quickly sticks into his pocket, or a woman snaps into her handbag.

And exactly what part do these little Scratch Sheets play in connection with a person who bets each day on the races?

Well as a matter of fact they are, as we have said before, a *Readers Digest* of the Turf World. But they saw the light of day long, long

before the present pocket magazine was in embryonic form.

Every horse entered in every race is graded as to the handicappers' opinion of his chance to win. These publishers employ the highest paid and most efficient staff of workers in Turfdom. They maintain a corps of clockers at each track and a retinue of turf experts to rate every horse that goes that day. They consult the United States Weather Bureau as to probable conditions in that area so that they may supply their subscribers with the track condition which has a vital bearing on the performance of the horses.

Twelve to twenty-four hours before publication the handicappers go to work with their charts and speed ratings of each filly, colt, and mare, and the track variant of every race in which each particular horse has run. Then they grade them as to where they think they will run in the race that is to go today.

Here is what you will see—

Fair Grounds (N. O.) Entries

Clear and Fast
Official Jockeys, Post Positions, Field Horses
REVISED LINE

1 FG—1 M, 70 Y. 4-year-olds up. Claiming. 3:00

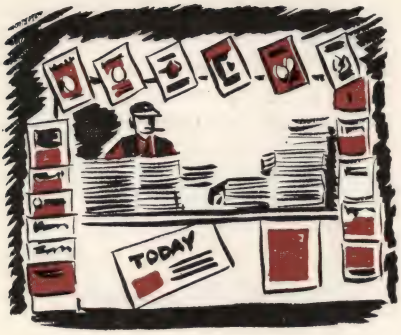
1	*Roselake	4	104	5-1 C Crowhurst
2	*High Mongul[1]	13	112	3-1 L Dubois
3	*Brophy[1]	8	112	4-1 W Duffy
4	Ladino	10x	114	12-1 R Haber
6	Beau Bon[3]	12	110	5-1 J Leyland
7	Golden Nut	5	108	8-1 J Cowley
10	Wild Count[2]	3	109	12-1 L Turner
12	*Yes Polly	6	105	10-1 G Napier
14	*Waterman	7	101	20-1 R Green
15	*Conastanto[1]	9x	111	20-1 J R Hill
5	*Golden Quest[2]	2	109	SCRATCHED
8	*Union[1]	1	108	SCRATCHED
13	*The Millay	11x	99	SCRATCHED

Nat'l Consensus.. Brophy 8, High Mongul 5, Roselake 4
Nat'l Trackman.. High Mongul, Beau Bon, Brophy
Track Reporter.. Roselake, Brophy, Ladino
SelectorsCons'ns's Brophy, High Mongul, Roselake
Track Bulletin.. Ladino, Brophy, Union

As you will notice, few of these chaps will settle upon the same horse. There are as many opinions in racing as in any other walk of life, but the handicapper does have the advantage of the foundation of his work laid out for him in figures.

One of these fellows is usually a long-shot expert. The horses he "makes on top" do not win as frequently as do those that figure to win termed "choice horses" or "favorites" but when they do win they pay much greater odds. Again there are times when every handicapper on that sheet, as well as almost every handicapper in America and the consensus of all the handicappers, may give the same selection. This choice will usually be a horse that is considered unbeatable such as Man o' War, or Cavalcade, or Discovery when he was at tops, and these horses will be running in Handicaps or in Stake Races. Occasionally the same opinion may be reached when a speed horse is dropped into a claiming race several notches below the class where he belongs. This horse is what is called in the parlance of the "horse player" a "stick out" or dropped into a "soft spot" and many times is selected by the bettor as the foundation of a parlay.

You see when you really get down to a minute description of a Scratch Sheet it is the work paper of every person directly or indirectly connected with horse-



racing and contains definite and condensed information necessary to a horse player's very existence, so that he who runs may read.

A great many men and women in the business world haven't the time or the patience to handicap their own horses, nor do they want to carry about with them the bulky papers that contain the charts necessary for this work. They take all their information from Scratch Sheets, make their selections, check each one off, get their bookmaker on the wire, and give him their bets for the day. If the individual does not bet by marker over the phone he may write his bets out, put them in an envelope with the money he wants to wager, and have the office boy run across the street to a handbook who hangs out in the drugstore. Or he may send them down to Henry, the elevator starter in the hall, who supplements his income by doing a little booking on commission for one of the big houses over in New Jersey.

O.K. Now he is set—or he is "Down" as it is called in the realm of the horse world.

The clock ticks on past two-thirty. He's been rather busy and the first race has gone.

He picks up the phone.

The number clicks. Back comes a pleasant young lady's voice.

"American . . . Code please?"

The code is in the upper left-hand corner—plus, usually, the name of a jockey.

"Garrison," you answer. "First at Tropical?"

"Six, one, three."

That means that number six has finished first, number one second, and number three third.

"What'd the winner pay?" you ask.

"The winner paid 13.20, 6.60 and 4.00 (dollars)."

"What did number one pay, place and show?"

"Number one paid 3.20 and 2.60. . . . Number three paid 3.00 (dollars)."

There you have it all in a nutshell. You know exactly how you stand after each race. And remember this information is in your hands a couple of minutes after the race is run . . . and it is absolutely accurate.

No, they don't do it with mirrors. Let's take a look back of the scenes.

A syndicate leases these telegraph and telephone wires all over the nation and they in turn will furnish a service at a set rental to any reliable individual who wishes to subscribe.

I don't suppose there is anyone naive enough to believe that there are not poolrooms and hand-book makers in almost every city, village, or hamlet in this nation and that the numbers of persons who play the races every day do not run into countless millions.

Well here is the routine that takes place in the delivering of information right into their lap.

When the price-line goes up on a bookmaker's slate or the "money play" on a mutual board at a race track, that price is wired out of the race track every few minutes and given over the telephone verbatim. Every change or fluctuation comes to him and is termed a "flash" or a new "run down" of prices. This information is absolutely necessary in playing horses because the horse player wants to see which horse the money shows action for, and which horses are disregarded or bet lightly that day at that track. Also it permits the seasoned horse player to sense what is termed a "build up" or "overlay" and he is always quick to "get down" with a good sized wager on that particular horse.

Some race tracks in America refuse to permit these prices to be given out or wired away. At others it is illegal. In cases like this the prices, as well as the position of the horses during the actual running of a race, are semaphored (or bootlegged) out of the grounds. An expert stands up in the grandstand and signals; a man with a telescope outside the track picks up his signs and repeats them to a fellow working a telegraph key beside him—who in turn wires them to central points where they are picked up all over the nation.

This information is furnished to a man sitting at a specially prepared telephone receiver in a cork-walled room such as broadcasting companies use for their studios. He gives out a minute description of everything that goes on at that track from the time it is opened to the public in the afternoon until the last race has been run. When there are six or seven tracks going in the summer months he is a pretty busy individual.

Here is his litany as he rattles on like a machine gun but with perfect diction . . .

"Parade at Oaklawn . . .

"At the post in Florida . . .

"They are running in Texas . . .

"At New Orleans . . . make the price on number one, six. On number five, ten. On number six, fifteen . . .

"They are running in Florida . . .

"At the quarter in Texas . . . Balboa a length . . . Frost Bay a length . . . First Entry . . .

"At the quarter in Florida. . . ."

And then when the race is finished he gives out every price on each of the first three horses and the order in which they finished

and repeats it back again to prevent any error in the pay off. Then when the red board goes up making the result official he flashes that out over the wires and the winners are entitled to be paid.

Every Scratch Sheet has this service. That's the way you, sitting in an office, get the results.

In a half-darkened room from thirty to fifty girls sit at large monitor boards handling from ten to thirty calls at one time. In front of them are great blackboards which may be raised or lowered and ruled off with green lines, with spaces for writing in the numbers of the first, second, and third horses . . . their prices . . . the post time of the race . . . the off time of the race just run . . . and the post of the next race . . . and any change in track conditions.

When a result comes in, a girl slides the board down, writes in her figures with wet white chalk, and slides it up into its slot again. The girl can see everything from her post at the telephone board.

Now in comes your call and back go the prices in a matter of seconds. Each time you phone you know whether you have won or lost a race and just how much. The bookmaker is also receiving the same information and is in a position to pay you off right after each race in case you should desire it.

People sit in offices, at home, hang out on street corners, lounge around poolrooms, sit in boxes at the opera, and attend afternoon bridge parties; when they want race results they simply step to a telephone and with the code word of a Scratch Sheet pick up any race result from New York to California or from New Orleans to Montreal. The Scratch Sheets have been around for years but until betting on horseracing began to be legalized in many states the public did not begin to play horses as they are doing today. Women have been bitten hard by the bug in late years—as have men from all walks of life. The greater proportion of these people have not the time to rate horses. They want something quick and streamlined. All they want to do is bet, and bet they do. That's why the little Scratch Sheets are being delivered in higher and higher stacks each day to the men in the newsstands.

In this age of speed it is now possible for a bettor to place his wager a few minutes before the horses leave the barrier, learn the result of the race literally a few seconds after its finish—without moving from his chair—and collect a few minutes later, if he's that lucky. It all comes under the head of the speed-up—to help make it easier for the suckers to lose their two dollars. And they still do!

BREAK THAT WEDLOCK!

Being a Compleat Compendium of Useful Knowledge on our relations with the Fair and Warmer Sex, with a Key on What to Do Till the Lawyer Comes. Ingeniously set forth with Quips and Cracks in order that the intending and prospective Divorcers may be beguiled whilst Being Educated. The colossally clever words of this outline having been laid here, end to end,

By LYON MEARSON

(Some of whose best friends are divorced)*

STATISTICS are very satisfactory, because you can prove both sides of anything with them. For instance, statistics show that last year more women were married than men. This probably proves something important, but for the life of me I can't think what, at the moment. Nor can I imagine how such a condition is possible, but it's a good crack to start with, anyway, and it won't puzzle you any more than it does me.

If you who read this are a married man, I suppose you want to divorce your wife on account of your adultery. The fact is, most men who divorce their wives do not do so on account of their wives' adultery, but on account of their own, which they happen to have found rather pleasant and wish to continue. If you're not married, you had better read this and learn what you're headed for. If you live in South Caro-

****Editor's Note: He was married to them.***

lina, don't bother to read much farther, because you cannot get a divorce in that state, so you can profitably employ the time you would have used in reading this article in making arrangements to move to another state. Of course, if you happen to be colored and live in South Carolina, this hardly applies to you, because you can get a divorce there from a notary public (colored) for fifty cents, with a large red seal for fifteen cents more, and a good divorce is certainly worth sixty-five cents. Naturally, these divorces are not quite legal, to say the least, but a large proportion of these marriages aren't legal, either, which seems to make it all right.

We've managed to make the business of divorce a pretty complicated thing, not because it's very difficult to get one in this country so much as owing to the fact that many of the states differ in their divorce requirements from one another. Yet we still lead the world in number of divorces, difficulties or not, and I suppose that the real reason for this is that such a large number of marriages are basically wrong. Someone once suggested that we ought to make marriage as difficult to consummate as divorce is now, and divorce as easy as marriage is, but I always suspected that this guy was in some jail for non-payment of alimony.

Let us say, for the sake of argument (although you probably get enough of that at home) that you want a divorce. I'm just supposing, you know. Well, you'll find that adultery is a practically universal ground for it. There are exceptions, of course. South Carolina, as noted above, Ireland, and among the orthodox Hindus, who permit no divorce at all, but an adulterous wife may be made a slave in her husband's household. There is no provision made for an adulterous husband, but I understand the passage to that country is very expensive, so perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned anything so attractive.

Among the Chinese, divorce is exceedingly rare, the reason for this being that traditionally the Chinese women have practically no chance to get a divorce for any reason and the husband, being the absolute head of his household, can get away with murder, anyway, so why go to the trouble? But if a Chinaman really wishes to get divorced—and this won't do you much good unless you have sincere intentions of becoming a Chinaman—he can do so for any one of the seven reasons laid down by Confucius: barrenness, lasciviousness, disregard of husband's parents, talkativeness, thievishness, jealousy or aversion, and continuous infirmity. Nothing is said about adultery, but maybe that's because nobody knew how to spell it in Chinese.

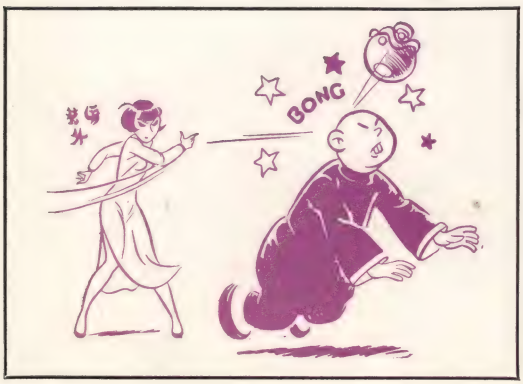
There's one state in Mexico where you can get a divorce by mail, but if you want to marry

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"I'll shoot the parade as soon as I get this number"

again in the United States you have to get a certified copy of the decree, attested by the American consul. I know about this because it happened to a friend of mine. He got his divorce—two hundred dollars—and a little later came the clanking of new chains, clanked by a blonde with exceedingly good looks and a purposeful gleam in her blue eyes. Well, he thought he might as well get married to her, so he sent to the consul for his certified copy of the divorce decree. The consul sent it to him, duly attested in legal form, but across the top of it he wrote: "This divorce is not legal in any of the states or territories of the United States and, as a matter of fact, it isn't even legal here." That's the whole trouble with Mexican divorces; the only reason they're legal is because no one takes the trouble to declare them illegal. The Mexicans regard the situation tolerantly. They know the divorces are not much good, and they themselves don't bother much with them, but since we're willing to pay for them, well, they don't mind. This is known as international amity, for a price, and has resulted in much good will below the Rio Grande.

Although adultery seems the most universal ground for a divorce, you can get a divorce for almost any reason, if you go to the right place. Suppose your wife is a witch, for example. There are several foreign countries where you can get a divorce on suspicion of witchcraft. Or suppose you wake up some morning and discover that your wife has suddenly become non-Aryan. You take the first boat to Germany, where non-Aryanism is a lot worse than adultery, and a lot unpleasanter, too, and you get divorced by a totalitarian judge with the greatest of pleasure, including a free autographed copy of Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf."



You can manage it for a multitude of reasons in the various United States, but there are other reasons which appear to me just as important about which nothing is ever said. Halitosis, for instance. Comes the revolution that will be good grounds for a divorce, and so will Athlete's Foot and Tattle-Tale Gray on your white shirts.

Waking you up to tell you her dreams is a reasonable ground for divorce and even annihilation. I would also divorce the wife who can only sleep so cuddled-up against you that you get up in the morning all twisted and stiff and are only fit to spend the rest of the day on the porch listening to the hardening of the arteries. Then there is the one who refuses to let you tell your best jokes because she's heard them before, and the worse one who tells them herself and spoils them. And the one who has such a good memory that she keeps you in constant terror because she's liable to check up on your lies. Then there is the wife who cries, making you feel like a brute. And the wife who doesn't cry, so that you're more afraid of her reserve and self-control than you would be of her tears. And the wife who quarrels with you every time you come home from a party, claiming that you did not pay any attention to her. And the wife who uses words like "kiddies" and "tots" and who calls you "sweetie-pie."

There's one country where you can get a divorce for any of these reasons, or for any others you can happen to think of, and that's Russia. In that country a divorce can be had if either party to a marriage simply wishes it. You don't have to give any reason except that you don't wish to stay married. The Russians recognize the fact that a marriage is unhappy and unworkable if either side doesn't feel comfortable in it.

Scandinavia is also pretty enlightened about this business, and in addition to adultery a divorce can be had by mutual consent where a marriage is unhappy, but the final decree is not awarded until after a separation of one year, during which time an attempt to adjust the mutual differences must be made by the pastor, or by someone else whom the court may designate.

You can get a divorce for the usual grounds in England, but the law reads that a man may not marry the sister of his divorced wife during the latter's lifetime. I'm just telling you this in case. The most realistic, from certain standards, are the Moroccans. In Morocco a wife can divorce her husband only by fleeing to the house of another man. This is done right here, of course, and a woman often gets divorced for it, but we have a word for it. And talking of that, there is modern Greece, where the ancient code of Justinian is still in effect. This permits divorce on the grounds of wife's adultery (of course), staying a night in another house except that of her parents' without her husband's consent, or attending theatre or sporting events without his consent. Which would seem to solve the problem, paramount in so many homes, where the wife is an American League rooter while the husband has a

passion about the National League. Not that anyone who was an adherent of one league would admit that a game of the other league was a sporting event.

All in all, if you're still anxious to divorce your wife, adultery—anybody's—is about the best and most popularly accepted bet. In New York State, where A. is the only ground, some years ago the number of divorces totalled more than one-third the number of divorces granted for that cause throughout the United States. This only proves, I suppose, that A. is a pleasant cause and that there are many people in New York who enjoy it.

And, of course, if you have no intention of divorcing your wife, you had no business wasting your time by reading as far as this, and a letter to the Editor, enclosing seventy-five cents to cover the cost of mailing will bring you back the price you paid for this magazine.

There's another guy who need not bother to read this—a friend of mine who has lived in amicable discord with a woman for some years. Some time ago, after a grand bust-up, I asked him whether he intended to get a divorce. He smiled. "Certainly not," he said. "My wife's no worse than a bad cold."

FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY! *has been published for several months now, and its policy is still exactly the same as when it started—an amazing record in the magazine field. Its chief—and only—reason for functioning is to entertain the American Male and the English-speaking Males of the world. The mounting enthusiasm with which each new issue of* FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY! *is greeted leads us to believe that its mission is being fulfilled. Among the prominent authors who will contribute articles for Men are Robert Benchley, James Thurber, J. P. McEvoy, Bob Considine, Heywood Broun, Lyon Mearson, Leonard Hall, Georges Surdez, and Louis Sobol. The next issue (September) will be on the newsstands August 1st.*

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"But Doctor, we've already tried separate apartments"

MAN TO MAN · MAN TO MAN

Genius and Gin

We just ran across an item relating a literary quirk of William Faulkner, author among other works of "Sanctuary" and "As I Lay Dying." It seems that Bill is by way of being a swing fan. Just can't work without music. Down home in Oxford, Mississippi, where he lives when not Hollywood-pining, he has a battered phonograph attended by a negro boy. While Faulkner writes, the little lad turns on such records as "Beale Street Blues," "St. Louis Blues," and similar masterpieces. It sort of keeps the old Muse jazzed up.

All of which is very interesting, probably, but only serves to remind us of Faulkner's earlier literary days. Something over ten years ago Bill had the apartment under ours in Orleans Alley, way down yonder in N'Awleans. He was writing his first novel then, and there wasn't any little negro lad standing by to keep swing music going and the fires of inspiration burning. Bill got along without any synthetic stimulation in those days, sticking to a primitive diet of raw Cuban alcohol and plain water. He did pretty well by it, too.

From swigging to swinging in ten years points some kind of a moral, but let's not go into it now.

Spanish Fly-by-Night

This business of keeping track of literary gents and their odd moments is a little difficult at times. Ernest Hemingway, as you know, was recently in Spain covering the revolution.

Personally, we are somewhat amazed that there is any revolution left. We had an idea that Hemingway would have finished *that,* long since.

Probably we were remembering a bullfight, one lazy Sunday afternoon, in a little village near Pamplona. It was back in the tremulous, twitching twenties, when all the world was a bit younger than it is at present. Anyway, a friend of ours went to this bullfight with Ernest, and spent the better part of a dreary afternoon sipping *cerveza*—very warm beer, which goes very, very badly on top of native absinthe.

It was a strictly local-talent affair, with the home-town boys doing pretty badly. The bulls weren't much better. Finally a little black, Andalusian bull appeared on the scene. He was a runt, a reject from the big-time circuits, but he was a blooded, wise creature, nevertheless.

The young matador of the moment evidently felt the same way about it. By his actions he indicated that not only was the bull too good for the present ring, but too good for him, as well. The exhibition that followed was more on the lines of a square dance than a bullfight.

"Hijo de puta!" Hemingway said. Then he said several other things, all pointedly uncomplimentary and all concerning the talents, ancestry, and problematical future of the embryo matador.

Unfortunately, the gentleman occupying the next box overheard. He was, it appeared, the *jefe political* of the village. And he was also by way of being the uncle of the St. Vitus lad in the bull ring.

"Señor," he said, addressing Hemingway. "If you are of the opinion that you could do better than the worthy young man in the ring, I should be enchanted to watch your discomfort."

Hemingway sighed. The beer, on top of the *ajenjo,* had had a sedative effect.

MAN TO MAN · MAN TO MAN

The thought of action was annoying. However, it was now a point of honor. The whole problem was probably a little foggy at the moment, but action of some sort was indicated.

Hemingway swayed upright to his feet. *"Con mucho gusto, señor,"* he murmured morosely. Then, before our informant was aware of what he was doing, he had vaulted into the ring.

At a slow trot he started towards the bull, somewhat like a quarterback coming down the field after a kick-off. Then he put on a sudden burst of speed and dove through the air. His right arm went under the bull's right horn. His hundred-and-eighty-odd pounds twisted over the animal's neck. There was a flurry of dust . . .

When the dust settled there was a slightly startled bull on its back, an even more startled young matador standing with mouth agape, and Hemingway carefully dusting off the seat of his britches.

It was a very neat piece of bulldogging—without the horse.

However, what we started to say was that that was the end of the bullfights for that day. One half of the village wanted to acclaim Hemingway a hero, while the other half wanted to run him through for busting up a perfectly good bullfight.

Our friend didn't wait for them to decide the question.

He is waiting, though, for Hemingway to do something about this Civil War thing. It's about time.

Hungarian Goulash

From Budapest comes an odd but stimulating item. It seems that a publisher there was on the verge of bankruptcy, a common occurrence among publishers to hear them tell it. Be that as it may, this particular purveyor of literature to the masses was in a bad way. He decided on one final, desperate gesture. There was a certain book on his list that, if sold in sufficient quantities, might recoup his fallen fortune. He plunged wildly, gambling his last penny on a series of advertisements in the daily papers. As follows:

> TO THE LADIES: A much needed book that we would not dare to place on public sale, now available for a limited time. By mail only, and sent in a plain wrapper. Every young girl, particularly those single and facing marriage, should have a copy. In these modern days of changing standards and morals, the information contained in this work will do much towards preventing heartbreak and unhappiness during the first months of marriage. Send 5 pengas by money order to the publishers. Complete ultimate satisfaction guaranteed if advice is followed.

Needless to say, every young lass, and lasses not so young, in the Hungarian hinterlands immediately set about saving the necessary five pengas. Orders for the volumes poured in by every mail to the delighted publisher.

But even in these days of lax morality the thing couldn't go on forever. Hungarians may, among other romantic traits, be broad-minded, but there is a limit. Finally an irate parent hauled the enterprising publisher before a magistrate.

Angrily waving a copy of the questionable book, the irate father denounced the literary gent as a lecher, a scoundrel, a snake-in-the-grass, and a fraud. Most particularly a fraud.

For the book, which had originally been published in 1901 without upsetting any moral apple carts, was entitled: *"Milli Neni Szakecskonyve."*

Or, in good old raw Anglo-Saxon, "Aunt Millie's Cook Book."

What might have happened to the publisher in an American court is any man's guess. What happened in Budapest, however, is another matter.

The judge dismissed the case.

The judge went further, and in righteous, ringing tones, complimented the courageous book dealer. "The court appreciates," remarked the judge in passing, "that it is indeed a difficult thing today to interest young and flighty females in the delicate art of cookery. The publisher is correct when he defines cooking as something every young girl should know, both before and after marriage. If any young girl was led, by the ambiguous wording of the advertisement, to purchase the book expecting an erotic, sexy work, then that girl, in particular, should devote her idle hours to absorbing the admirable information contained in 'Aunt Millie's Cook Book.' The publisher, we believe, is a public benefactor."

Damned humorous, these Hungarians.

Summer Swig

This seems to be about as good a spot as any to knock off long enough to suggest a summer stimulator, thirst-quencher, or what-have-you. A little item—not the one with the mole on her left shoulder-blade—we picked up in Santo Domingo in the days of our pious youth.

You take a ten-ounce glass, thin as Myrna Loy's negligee, and fill it with finely chipped ice. Over this you pour the juice of half a grapefruit and a teaspoon of brown sugar. Then add a stiff hooker of rum. The new Virgin Island rum will do very nicely. What's in a name?

Anyway, you jiggle the affair about a bit with a swizzle stick—inhale, imbibe, and let your inhibitions have their way.

Musician's Moan

We know a young lady who has been trying, for some time, to get places on the radio. She is a pianist, and a pretty smooth one, too. At least, one of the big broadcasting outfits seemed to think so, and as a result she has been on a sustaining program for the past few months. Making, to be exact, $100 per week.

The other day a commercial sponsor listened to her, liked her, and proceeded to engage her to open and close a fifteen minute program, running five days a week. At, to continue being commercial, $150 a week.

The young lady, naturally enough, felt pretty chipper about it all. The old wake-up-and-live feeling, and all that. $150 plus $100 made $250 in any man's money, or enough to keep the average lass in uplift brassieres and chiffon panties for some time to come.

The delighted young filly proceeded to throw a party in celebration. A very nice party it was, too. Then came the dawn . . . and rude awakening.

The broadcasting studio, calling the on-the-high-road-to-success pianist into conference, explained that it was enchanted with her rapid rise. As a result, here was a new contract, for $105 a week. The extra five dollars was for the commercial broadcast. The $150 that the commercial sponsor paid went, of course, to the studio. That, it was further explained, was the customary thing.

Right now the young lady is a little dizzy trying to figure things out. For the five fifteen minute periods a week she works for the commercial sponsor, the sponsor pays the studio $150. And the studio, in return pays her $105 a week for *both* her commercial and her sustaining program. As it stands now, according to her figuring, she is doing her sustaining program for nothing, and the studio is getting $45 a week to boot, somehow.

She says she thinks success is a lot of hooey.

Cradle-to-Cannon-to-Corpse

We thought you'd be interested in the dignified exchange of correspondence we've been having with the Marlin Gun people, whom we mentioned in our June issue. If you remember back that far, you'll recall that we noted, in our impulsive exuberance to record the changing trend of the times, that the Marlin Firearms Company had abandoned the manufacture of guns and turned, in their hour of need, to the production of razor blades. Just that—with, of course, a suitable quip added.

Well, the president of the Marlin Company got pretty indignant, reached for his secretary, and dictated a long letter, outlining in detail the policy, the aims, and the *spirit* of the Marlin Company. Among other things, he informed us that Marlin is *still* manufacturing guns, and has no intentions of stopping. Furthermore, he added sternly as an afterthought, they are also doing very well with the razor blades, and are now concentrating on their latest products—baby carriages and bicycles!

Our most abject apologies to the Marlin Company, which manufactures baby carriages, bicycles, razor blades, and guns.

Peace

Mr. James Thurber, who hied himself off to Europe a few weeks ago to escape the mental battles of the psychologists, success-experts, and all those firm-eyed men who refuse to let their minds alone, told us, before he left, about the one American he can think of at random who lived a quiet, peaceful life.

It was a lady who lived during the War between the States—just outside of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The lady lived alone (and liked it) and very rarely even left the house, which stood right on what turned out to be the battlefield. It seems, too, that she was a little hard of hearing.

Anyway, on the third day—after the battle had been raging for two days—the dear old lady started slightly, put down her knitting, patted her hair, went to the door, and said "Come in."

Sartorial Senator

We just heard a tale about Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, that puts most Horatio Alger "rags-to-riches" stories to shame. Washington social conversation being what it is, we don't put terribly much stock in the anecdote, but it's a pretty good story, true or not.

It seems that Senator Lewis, shortly after he was graduated from college, was unable to find work and, to strengthen his dwindling supply of ready cash, packed up most of his clothes and visited his favorite pawnshop. He finally got a job, after a while—digging with a road crew. Trouble was, though, that he'd pawned all his clothes except his dress suit; naturally, his fellow workers were a little startled when he showed up dressed for a formal dinner party. Pretty soon the news got around, and a couple of reporters wandered over and wanted to know what was this, a gag? Lewis told them no, but he was really too busy to talk to them right then, as he was engaged in honest toil. The reporters sat around all afternoon—with the rest of the crowd—watching Lewis dig, until quitting time. All he had to say was that he believed in honest labor and this happened to be the only suit he had left and what the hell were they so nosy about, anyway?

In a very short while, Lewis was mentioned in the newspapers and was on his way to fame and the United States Senate.

Some of our left-Leftist acquaintances like to think of the little tale as a preview of what the revolution will be like.

Sob Story

They tell the story about Charlie MacArthur, during his earlier days on the Chicago gazettes.

It seems that Charlie, sent out one day on a story, got the yarn and a beautiful load on as well. A characteristic, according to the movies, of most gentlemen of the Fourth Estate. At any rate, when MacArthur rolled roisterously back to the City Room he was fired, story or no story.

Charlie went home and slept it off. The next day, bouncing up bright and early, he hied himself off to the nearest orphanage. To the authorities in charge he explained that not only was he a newspaperman with a day off, but a male Lady Bountiful, as well. His one hobby at the moment, so he insisted, was bringing happiness to tiny tots. Nothing, in fact, would give him more pleasure at the moment than taking a half dozen of the little youngsters for a day's outing—the zoo, the park, maybe even a baseball game.

Well, somehow he managed to persuade the orphanage officials. With an assorted half dozen broody brats ranging in age from four to ten, he started out. His first stop, naturally, was the newspaper from which he had just been ingloriously canned.

His charges trailing behind him, he made for the city editor's desk.

"Look," he said to the cynic in the green eye-shade. "I wouldn't kick if you had fired me for falling down on a story. But you fired me for drinking. You fired me because *you* don't happen to approve of a little snort now and again. You fired me because of a personal prejudice, then.

"Well, look what your personal prejudice is doing. Stealing the food from the mouths of innocent babes. That's what!"

MacArthur turned, and waved dramatically at the six youngsters clustered behind him. They were standing open-mouthed in awe and dull wonder. Maybe, to the city editor, their gaping craws were emblematic of the empty larder staring the MacArthur family in the face.

Anyway, he shivered. "Yours?" he demanded harshly.

"Whose else would they be?" Charlie countered. Then he shrugged his shoulders in resignation, and started to leave. "I just thought you'd like to see what you're doing to innocent kids," he murmured over his shoulder.

It was too much for the editor. He called Charlie back. "You got your job back," he announced, "but for God's sake take those kids out and give 'em a good time. Take 'em to the park or some place."

Charlie made an indicative gesture. The editor sighed. "Stop at the cashier's and get some expense money, then."

The kids had a pretty good time.

So did Charlie.

Old Masters

We wandered into a pawn shop the other day to put our winter benny into storage. A young lady, of more than average attractiveness, was ahead of us, and it was evident that she was having more than the usual amount of trouble in floating a loan. In fact, no luck at all.

For collateral, we noticed, she had a portfolio of sketches, through which the pawnbroker was scanning with a weary and jaundiced eye, meanwhile shaking his head. For some reason—one which the young lady's figure might have had something to do with—our curiosity, to put it mildly, was aroused. We wondered, too, if ART, in its lesser manifestations, was pawnable. If so, we had a collection of etchings....

However, it seemed that in this particular shop the market value of the sketches was zero minus—although there were some twelve in all. We felt pretty sorry for the young lady and asked, by way of leading up to other more personal matters, if the sketches were her work.

No, she said bitterly, they weren't. We gathered that she felt that if she *had* done them, then they might at least have been worth something. We took a look at the drawings, and then agreed with her.

They were by John Barrymore.

ELWIN HENRI

"Why, Mr. Bigsbee. I thought we were going out to have some fun"

JAMES THURBER

advises you to

Let Psychologists Alone

MR. DAVID SEABURY had written five books the last time I counted them: "Unmasking Our Minds," "Growing Into Life," "What Makes Us Seem So Queer?," "Keep Your Wits," and "How to Worry Successfully." His busy publishers tell us: "On the American lecture platform today there is no more popular figure than David Seabury who for more than twenty years has been a practising psychologist." He is interested, we are told, in "everyday people," in the problems of people who are essentially "normal." His latest book reached the *Herald Tribune's* best seller list; *Time* gave it an extended mention. Mr. Seabury's influence is undoubtedly a widespreading one. Just turned fifty, he "was educated under private tutorship at home and in Italy, with special research at Harvard, and, at various times, in London, Paris, Munich, and Rome. Seabury is known as the founder of the Centralist School of Psychology . . . he is chiefly concerned with making people realize things about themselves which they have never properly understood before." My own personal School of Psychology is chiefly concerned with making people realize things about psychologists which they have never properly understood before. This being so, I have devised a kind of self-portrait of the psychologist from the ink of his own pages.

In a chapter entitled "Losing Our Wits" in the book called "Keep Your Wits," Mr. Seabury writes: "A good many years ago a well-known educator, the head of one of our largest institutions, ran a boys' camp in the summer. At that camp was a lanky, ungainly lad of fifteen. When he went home at the end of the camp term, a report was sent with him, made by this educator and his five assistants. The re-

port stated that the boy was subnormal, indeed quite feebleminded. It recommended that his mother accept the idea that he was good for nothing. It was kindness, they said, to expect nothing of him. Quite by accident the boy saw the report. The writer knows something of how he felt, for he was that boy."

With this glimpse to start from, let us, after the manner of Mr. Huxley in "Eyeless in Gaza," turn to earlier years in the psychologist's life and see what he has to say about them. In his childhood, he tells us, he once came upon a horse that had been killed by a locomotive. "The blood ran over the road and splashed against the grass, making beautiful, fantastic patterns. I still remember the wonderful contrast of color, the red blood and the green, green grass. My inherited tendencies had already conditioned me to an intense response to color but to no sense of tragedy in the face of death. I remember spending an hour or so at the scene of the accident without excitement or disturbance. My chum, however, ran home in horror . . . The experience conditioned him to a fear of blood, of locomotives, and death. It simply added to my interest in combinations of red and green."

Two paragraphs after this, Mr. Seabury, mysteriously abandoning the first person for the third, tells about something that happened to him when he was only *three* years old. "A certain nurse locked him in a dark closet every afternoon while she went out to flirt with a policeman. His mother did not discover this for some weeks and then she learned that the child had not only been shut into the closet, but had been threatened with all sorts of dire consequences if he made a sound." Many psychologists, Mr. Seabury goes on to say, would insist that such an experience would bring shock and fear to a sensitive nature. But he, as a child of three, escaped any trauma and he tells us why. "His attention was not given to the closet or to the dark or to the closed-in place. So thorough and violent was his anger toward the nurse, so wholly was he absorbed in a desire to punish her for this treatment of him that he had no power of attention left to give to the dark closet."

Let us now turn to the psy-

chologist as a young man. In "Keep Your Wits," published in 1935, Mr. Seabury writes: "Memory is a strange gift, an almost mystical thing. By means of it we live again in the experiences we have known." In this same book he tells a story about himself which begins: "Many years ago, when the writer was a student in Paris, he was challenged to a duel under circumstances that made refusal impossible." In "How to Worry Successfully," published a year later, Mr. Seabury retells the whole identical story. This time it begins: "A good many years ago, when living in a foreign country, I was challenged to a duel." Mr. Seabury, it would appear, either has not the strange, mystical gift of memory or else merely likes to live again and again in the experiences he has known.

The 1935 account of the duel says that, having been challenged, "he bethought himself to find the constant among the variables. What was the constant? Ah, a constant feeling that he disliked fighting a duel, wouldn't choose to fight, wouldn't challenge anyone, wasn't challenging anyone—Great Geehookibus Whale! Why, he was being challenged and he had the right to name his weapons, anything he chose. What did men fight with before they used rapiers and pistols? Primitive men probably used stones. Why not name stones: six stones apiece, at the distance between the pitcher's plate and the home box? Since the European antagonist insisted on the dueling, let him accept the consequences of facing one who could pitch a good curve! When the second came, he was greeted enthusiastically, and the duel accepted so eagerly that, to make a long story short, the challenger backed down, apologized, and fled the city."

In the 1936 account, Mr. Seabury, using this time the candid first person rather than the more oblique third, writes: "My inclination was to go and punch my adversary in the jaw, but I realized that would only make a bad matter worse. I had already done that to him, anyway, for just cause." This account ends: "I decided to name six large stones apiece, to be thrown from the distance between a baseball pitcher's plate and the home box. When my adversary's second arrived with the challenge, I accepted so eagerly that the man turned pale and departed, giving me no time to name my choice of weapons. In haste he returned with a written apology and called off the duel. I re-

fused to accept it, insisting that my challenger must apologize in person. This he did, and then left the city . . . I discovered afterwards that he interpreted my eagerness to mean that I was a sure shot." Of all the comments that might be made on this remarkably recurring story, the one that interests me most is that no American male who persists in using the incredible inversion "the pitcher's plate and the home box," for the pitcher's box and the home plate, could possibly know how to "pitch a good curve."

This is not the only example of the repetition of the same story in these two books, published a year apart. Here is another lesson in paraphrasing for those who may be planning a series of books on popular psychology:

"Keep Your Wits"

"I once heard of a man who, while driving in the country, ran over a mangy dog. He examined the poor creature and found it dead. Pushing the body into the gutter, he started back to his car. As he did so, a farmer carrying a gun appeared. Anxiety gripped the motorist. What should he do? Forebodings of trouble seized him. Each step of the gun-bearer added to his worry. Nervously he reached for his pocketbook, produced a twenty-dollar bill, and held it towards the farmer. 'I'm sorry to have killed your dog and interrupted your hunting. Here's twenty dollars. Will that be enough?' The farmer took the bill and folded it deep into his pocket. As he turned away he remarked drily, 'Wasn't goin' huntin'. Was goin' into the woods to shoot the old dog.' "

"How to Worry Successfully"

"I heard recently of a man who while driving in the country ran over a dog. He examined the poor, mangy creature. The dog was dead. The man pushed the body into the gutter and started back to his machine. As he did so, a farmer carrying a gun appeared. Anxiety gripped the motorist. What should he do? Forebodings of trouble seized him. Each step of the man with

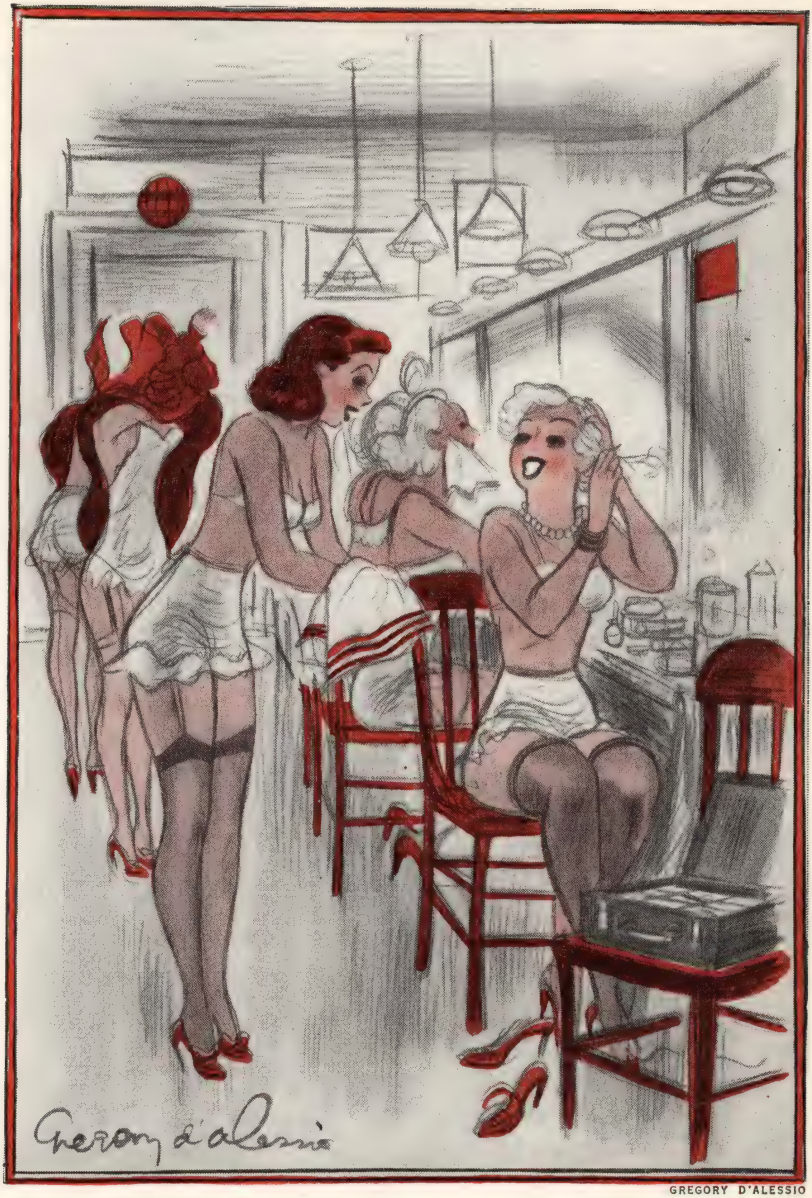
the gun added to the motorist's misery. Nervously he reached for his pocketbook, produced a twenty-dollar bill, and held it toward the farmer. 'I'm sorry to have killed your dog and interrupted your hunting. Here's twenty dollars. Will that be enough?' The farmer took the bill and folded it deep into his pocket. As he turned away, he remarked dryly: 'Wasn't goin' huntin'. Was goin' into the wood to shoot the old dog.' "

At the end of the first story, Mr. Seabury writes: "Half the world's mistakes arise because we get excited before we know the facts." At the end of the other story, he says: ". . . most of our mistakes arise because we become excited before we know the facts." Now I say a constant is called for among these variables and I am going to establish one: 39.7 percent of our mistakes arise because we become excited before we know the facts. If we don't arrive at a few constants in this variable science of psychology, we are never going to get anywhere.

Mr. Seabury (to go on with his own case history) tells, in another place, how, at a gathering of men, one gentleman present called him a damn fool. Writes Mr. Seabury: "I turned to him cordially. 'I'd be grateful if you told me how you knew that,' I remarked. He looked surprised, bit his lips, flushed, and walked out of the room. The other men laughed. 'You got him that time,' one of them said. 'But that wasn't my intention,' I answered, 'and I'm sorry he went out, for I would like to have learned something more about myself. There are lots of ways in which I am a damned fool. I'm anxious to discover them.' "

On another occasion, Mr. Seabury came upon a gentleman who was furious because he had been called a jackass. "Are you?" asked Mr. Seabury. "No, I'm certainly not," said the man. "Then how did he insult you?" demanded our psychologist. "He called me a jackass, I tell you!" "But why were you insulted?" persisted Mr. Seabury. "Do you believe you are a jackass?" "No!" the other shouted. "Then how are you insulted?" asked Mr. Seabury. "If you aren't a jackass and don't think so, then what does it matter what he called you?" To which our authority on human experience adds: "If we did not suspect there might be a foundation of truth in what somebody said, if we did not take pride in some queerness, why should we suffer?"

No portrait of a psychologist would be complete without the quotation of a few of his pronouncements on sex, that once involved and difficult problem which the popular psychologists have completely cleared up in the past few decades. My favorite pronouncement of all, of course, is this one by Dr. Louis E. Bisch in his "Be Glad You're Neu-



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"I was knitting when he came in. It scared hell out of him!"

rotic": "At least, and at last, sex has been fearlessly roped and thrown"; but let us look at some of Mr. Seabury's: "As long as a girl is frivolous you need not fear her. Only the languid and quiet are dangerous." "Willowy women seldom have sexual peculiarities." "Frisky folk are children of the springtime, singers of the goat song, excellently endowed by mother nature in amative capacity, but he who loves a dirge and wraps himself in perpetual sorrow, as if he had made his own flesh and was responsible for having red blood, is poor of feeling indeed." That last is one of my favorite passages in all sex, and this is another one: "What happens to a young man who in a summer flirtation is merely seeking the expression of sex, if, rebuffed, he discovers the real nature of the girl and comes to see the social, esthetic, and spiritual aspects of sexuality? Such a discovery may transform his attitude. The amative impulse may become a first step toward love, and the expression of his passionate desire on all planes of life be glorified by the advent of higher attributes."

In rounding out this admittedly incomplete portrait of the psychologist, I should like to quote one of his comments on literature. He writes: "Years ago, O. Henry wrote a story called 'Roads of Destiny.' In it he pictured the outcomes that might have happened to a man had he taken the various turnings . . . Moodily treading the path of life, we come to many intersecting experiences, each presenting a choice. That we do not more consistently take the road to peace is because of our obliquities." Or maybe just possibly because, as O. Henry strove so hard to point out, no matter what turning we take it leads to the same melancholy end as all the others. O. Henry's hero took first the left turning, then the right turning, then the main road; and died at the end of all three with a bullet in his heart from the pistol of Monseigneur, the Marquis de Beaupertuys. It isn't terribly important but it's O. Henry's story, and I, for one, will stick to it.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Through his recent intensive researches in the field, Mr. Thurber is developing into America's outstanding anti-psychologist. His text book on the subject, "Let Your Mind Alone! and Other More or Less Inspirational Pieces," will be published early in September. Meanwhile, another More or Less Inspirational Piece by Mr. Thurber will be included in next month's issue of FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY! *In addition, Mr. Thurber—author of "The War Between Men and Women"—will shortly send us dispatches from Europe, interpreting the War Between the Sexes over there for* FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY!

Yesterday's champs were only chumps

BOB CONSIDINE *says*

To Hell with "Sport Is Dead"

PAUL GALLICO, the reformed sportswriter, is waving a tearful farewell to sports in monthly installments for *Cosmopolitan*. Along about the time Westbrook Pegler squirted his last gob of animus at sports, and took up with the seamier side of newspaper life, he wrote a piece saying that the golden era of athletics was gone, never to return. At least two working sportswriters, Warren Brown of Chicago, and Harry Smith of San Francisco, unburdened themselves in lengthy reminiscences during the past winter. All the pieces had a nostalgic ring fit to wring a fat salty tear out of a cast-iron dog.

Now, what the hell is this? Are the ball-yards and the hoss-parks closing? Has mankind forgotten how to throw a left hook, or hit a backhand drive down the line? Who are those semi-nude cuties we see dragging themselves out of the fancy swimming holes after breaking records—Minsky girls? What about those scores they're printing in the golf stories? Are they the low license-plates of purple-jowled politicians? Hey, didn't I see a four-legged animal named War Admiral win both the Derby and the Preakness this year, or was it just a hangover? What about those records the Yankees broke last year; newspaper talk? Where's that mob going? To a stadium? Hmm, you don't say.

If it is all the same to you I will have none of this nostalgia for the late and often lamented sports era. It seems to me that sports are not quite ready for Extreme Unction, a few mumbled *Pater Nosters,* and an appropriate word or two over the bier. Something tells me that if

these last rites are performed the corpse is going to sit up and bellow for a drink of whiskey and a buxom lass or two. The glamor of sports is imperishable. He that predicts that there will never be another Dempsey or Ruth or Cobb or Tilden or Weissmuller or Jones or Coy or Johnson or Mathewson is a stuffy old reactionary who is too blind to see what is happening under his nose. His counter-part loudly asserted that the movies were a fad that would last no longer than a ferry-boat shine, and just as loudly predicted that young Henry Ford would run a very bad second indeed to the Dobbin trade, financially.

Athletes get better. It's inevitable. One era or another develops a freak of nature and it takes a couple of eras to elevate the general run of athletes to his calibre. But it always happens. Better equipment to play with, better surfaces to play upon, better instruction in the arts and sciences of sports make for better athletes. The modern athlete lives a cleaner and more physically honest life than his old man, who in turn led a cleaner life than *his* old man. Our sons will grow up to look upon most of us as physical-education illiterates.

In the midst of all this editorial lackaday-ing and woe-is-me-ing please do not overlook the fact that John L. Sullivan, whose passing wrung mighty howls of grief from the Tories of athletics, was a bloated old rum-pot who often staggered into the ring in a condition which would have barred him for life if he tried it today. He drank so much brandy during his 75-round fight with Jake Kilrain that once Jake hit him in his bulging belly and a geyser of it came out of Sullivan. A boxer like Tommy Loughran or John Henry Lewis would have slapped the Boston Strong Boy silly. Jim Corbett, who knocked out only five men in his entire career, proved that—and then lost to a middleweight named Bob Fitzsimmons. Please don't forget also that until fairly recent years a big league baseball club was usually 30 percent venereal.

If Harry Vardon and Bobby Jones were to play in a 1937 golf tournament and depend on the same scores by which they won their undying fame, they'd finish so far back they couldn't see the winner with the new Mt. Lick spyglass. When Francis

Ouimet gained undying fame by winning the 1913 Open, in a playoff with Vardon and Ted Ray, his score was 72. Vardon's was 78 and Ray's 79. Jones' average during the span of his greatness was in the middle 70's. A few years ago, in the National Amateur, Lawson Little reached the thirteenth hole of a match in one under par and was six down to his opponent, an unknown golfer! The par shooter in golf today is a second rater whose name rarely gets out of the agate summary. You have to come up with those 67's and 68's to finish on top today.

Ellsworth Vines, Don Budge, and Les Stoefen can hit a serve a good 40 miles an hour faster than Maurice McLaughlin could, yet McLaughlin was the very symbol of speed in tennis. Vines, at his best, could have taken Bill Tilden in straight sets, in the able opinion of Vincent Richards, who played them both.

At the moment there is perhaps no football coach who is quite as shrewd a salesman as was Knute Rockne, but there are probably a dozen teams on the horizon which could spot Rock's greatest club a couple of touchdowns and beat them at will. The game has advanced, the play has speeded up, new intricacies have been developed which would have made a pitiable sucker out of Rock's unvaried defense. Is there a Grange around? Perhaps we can't lay a finger on one at the moment, but he'll come along. He always does. Didn't Grange himself come along, just when they were saying there would never be another Eckersall? And didn't Eckersall show up when the football hot-stovers were muttering in their beards that there would never be another Poe?

How about Cap Anson and Wee Willie Keeler? When they faded there were shrill howls that baseball was dead, but a guy named Cobb came along, and when he was opening up at the seams Ruth came into his prime. A Matty comes along at the end of a Hoss Radburne's career, and is followed by a Grove, who gives way to a Hubbell and a Dean.

Zev? Flying Ebony? Twenty Grand? What did they ever do? The last three years produced 3-year-olds capable of winning both the Derby and the Preakness, which is more than the above mentioned "immortals" did. We mean William Woodward's Omaha, Morton Schwartz's Bold Venture and old Sam Riddle's colt, War Admiral, a son of Man o' War. War Admiral's pappy never even got in the Derby. He wasn't considered socially eligible. His boy, the Admiral, will win more money this year than Man o' War made as a three-year-old. He paid a shorter price in the Preakness than his famous daddy did, and ran the distance in faster time.

So the color's gone, huh?

What about Louis: coming up

out of a leaking Alabama shack, with never enough to eat . . . . Barely able to get through the eighth grade of a Detroit school for the "understaffed" . . . and then fighting his way into a million dollars . . . pork-pie hats . . . big cars . . . 34 suits . . . hot music . . . a tutor . . . and tons of adulation.

How about Braddock: on relief . . . supporting his family by stevedore work on a Jersey dock . . . broken hands . . . broken life . . . resigned to a life of horrible want . . . and then coming up to the heavyweight championship . . . big thick steaks . . . silver foxes for the wife who washed his socks and cooked a meal for the kids over a sputtering gas jet.

And little Lou Ambers: a lowly and kicked-about sparring partner for the great Tony Canzoneri, when Canzoneri was tops . . . And then one night, under the hot white lights at the Garden, banging that same Canzoneri's face to a pulp, and winning the title from him . . . And yet all the while wanting only to be able to play a clarinet like Benny Goodman.

And Dean: gay, garrulous, fighting the baseball bosses from the word go, rising to incredible heights in the box . . . still the sweet sap he was when his only means of stilling the hunger ache in his belly was by picking cotton, like a slave.

What about Sir Malcolm Campbell: everything to live for . . . Title, position, money, culture . . . But driven by some great passion to Bonneville, in Utah, there to drive a weird juggernaut 300 miles an hour . . . knowing Death breathed heavily on his neck.

And Eleanor Holm: the prettiest doll who ever hit a sports page . . . living like a madcap fiction heiress . . . blowing champagne bubbles on the dignified Olympic boys . . . Getting herself set down on the eve of the Games.

And Fred Perry, the son of a Member of Parliament, winning tennis tournaments in spectacular style, and marrying a famous movie actress (at least a movie actress), turning pro (at the risk of never being able to mingle with fancy English friends again), and making $100,000 in a single year.

And all those '60' golfers, hot young ball players like Feller and DiMaggio, infantile diving champions like Marjorie Gestring and Mary Hoerger; Glenn Cunningham, Archie San Romani, Jack Lovelock, and Earl Meadows, and Carl Hubbell's 20-odd straight; football teams with laterals and mesmerism which would have cowed and completely baffled the famous old Yale teams, and trackmen like Jesse Owens and Glenn Morris breaking records as if they were eggs. Owens broke three world records and tied another in a single afternoon. Morris, in the Olympics, bet-

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"You're wandering from the subject, Mr. Chadwell"

tered every mark set by the "one and only" Jim Thorpe when that worthy won the decathlon a generation ago.

If sports are dead, then somebody should tell Gus Fan, who seems to have missed the news of the demise in the death notices. Two million people saw the 1936 Yankees break every team record in the book, and easily outdistance the marks set by the great 1927 Yanks, which had Babe Ruth in his prime. The greatest crowd that ever saw a world series game watched the fourth contest of the Yank-Giant series last Fall. The Army-Navy football game drew 102,000, and would have drawn 202,000 if there had been room for that many in Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium.

It was a poor day at the Berlin Olympics when less than 100,000 showed up. The Baer-Louis fight, a non-title go, drew a million dollars. More than a million dollars was wagered by the hosspark customers at Santa Anita, Churchill Downs, and Pimlico on the days when the Santa Anita Handicap, the Derby, and the Preakness were run. The greatest crowd that ever saw a tennis match in America saw Fred Perry play Ellsworth Vines last January at the Garden. The All-Star Baseball game at Washington in July was a sell-out for a month in advance. Close to 150,000 spectators came out for the Indianapolis Speedway races in May, at a $2.50 minimum and $27.50 maximum. The greatest crowd in the history of the long and often ardent baseball history of Philadelphia saw the Yanks play the A's one Sunday in mid-May of this year.

Bobby Feller, with only a couple of big league games under his belt, makes twice as much money today as Babe Ruth made six years after he was in the big leagues. Joe DiMaggio, Beau Bell, and Roy Weatherly, rookies for the Yanks, Browns, and Indians, hit on an average of 100 points higher last year than Ty Cobb did in his first year in the big show. Cobb batted only .240 his opening year, and .320 the next. Walter Johnson didn't have a winning year until he was four seasons old, as a big leaguer. He lost 25 games his third year in the league, and never struck out as many in a single game as Feller did in his second big league start. Everett Scott gained great fame years ago by playing a thousand ball games in a row. Lou Gehrig hasn't missed a game in nearly 13 years.

I don't know why I brought this up, except that I'm getting a little weary of all this past tense stuff about sports. We're in the middle of a great colorful sports era, and the one that follows this one will be even more glamorous, and resound to even greater feats of strength, skill, and endurance.

It's Kismet, as Man Mountain Dean might say.

Career Woman's Consort

Joys and woes of a Fashion-Show Widower

By LEONARD HALL*

COUNTLESS gallons of crocodile tears have drowned the sorrows of golf, lodge, and pinochle widows—those unhappy Little Women who sit forlornly at home while their bestial helpmates pursue their selfish pleasures in the company of their kind, aided at times by a cutie or two.

They've been lathered and goose-greased enow by sentimental fuddy-duddies. Let the brotherhood give ear, irony, and pity to the joys and sorrows of a new and complex race which has sprung up in the past decade in this poor hag-ridden Republic—the Career Woman's Husband.

The Career Woman, of the more ferocious type, is a comparatively new phenomenon in our national picture. It is only within the past few years that these cold-eyed, ambitious, and talented females have been sitting at ten-acre desks, speaking ex cathedra before large audiences of very mere males, flying over oceans, and meeting and macerating men at their own pet brands of business and professional chicanery. As sleek and handsome as tigresses, as ruthless as so many bayonet instructors, and as slippery on the deal as

** Editor's Note: Mr. Hall became eligible to membership in the select circle of Fashion-Show Widowers through Alice Hughes (one of your wife's favorite columnists), who is known—to one or two close friends—as Mrs. Leonard Hall*

smoking-room card-sharks, their numbers are increasing daily, and their triumphs grow apace.

Beginning originally as mere women, subject to all the frailties of the flesh and spirit, many of them early acquired husbands of various types and sizes. Of this number I have the honor (at times, I fear, faintly dubious) of being one.

My wife (God bless her, of course) is one of New York's most successful newspaper women. Possessed of stupendous Will to Power, her drive, her talents, and her ambition have placed her among the top brackets of her vigorous sisters, whose salaries range from ten to fifty thousand dollars each and every annum.

My admiration for her has kept step with her victories in what once was called a man's world. In fact, sometimes I sit back and admire her for days, quite forgetting to write any pieces for the papers. At the same time, let me paint you a fast, poignant picture of the Great American Home in reverse.

Time was when the weary man, forespent after a hard day ravishing the widows and orphans, was met at the door by the Little Woman in fresh dimity. A pleasant whiff of pork chops and java came from the kitchen. His slippers and dressing gown were to hand—he sank restfully into his pet chair and studied the batting averages until a cheery call summoned him to grub.

And today? The career-woman's equal half, to give him all the breaks, comes home from business, if he has any, to a dark and empty apartment. No appetizing odors from the galley; no wife, no dimity and no welcoming buss. Rassling his own house shoes, he snaps on a light and turns to the Woman's Page. He looks at his watch, taps the foot, worries dimly, and wonders if, when, and where he is going to stuff the midriff. After an hour of this, the outer door bursts open and The Little Woman charges in. Her arms are filled with bundles, and her face has the strained, taut look of a fagged two-miler busting the tape.

"DARLING," she says, "I'm *SO* sorry! But the Stinkerono people were introducing a new product, and I simply *HAD* to go—you know how it is!"

"When and where," he says faintly, "do we eat?"

"Didn't I tell you?" she says back. "I promised Dolly we'd dine there. She's

just back from the Paris openings, you know. And dear, we must dress."

At the mention of a boiled shirt, the starving bloke sees black, then red. It is time to draw the veil, and stuff the ears with cotton.

At the outset of a wife's career, Love has its way with such a husband. Resolved to be a good sport if it busts his galluses, he faithfully trudges along the primrose path of mental debauchery. Crammed in smoke-filled showrooms, he peers intently at the latest items from Schiaparelli, Alix, and Lanvin. After a year of it, if he is a man and not a mouse, he revolts. He refuses longer to caddy for the seamstresses of Paris, and the Little Woman, if the milk of human kindness has not completely curdled, lets him up.

I, myself, have been tapering off on fashion shows until today I can practically take them or leave them alone—usually the latter. Whenever there is a particularly tasty brassiere-and-girdle display I am duly tipped off and spend an afternoon studying the latest types of female foundations. Those of us who can crash such saltatory events in New York need waste no tears over the demolition of vicious burlesque by the civic fathers.

Evening parties in such a set often present a dismal picture to the hapless males. The moment the coffee cups are emptied, the ladies go into a fast huddle in a corner and begin jabbering shop where they left off over the martinis. The men, who seldom have much in common save a dull ache, are cut adrift. They stare hatefully at themselves in the mirrors, they finger and often smash the china knick-knacks, or they leap at the Scotch as though it were the last remaining decanter on earth. The last course is the proper one.

I suppose one of life's blackest moments, among such men, arrives when they are first addressed, at a cocktail fight, by their wives' business surname. The first impulse is, I think, to bring a long, looping right up from the floor. However, they soon learn to ignore the matter entirely, for after all they are only bat-boys at these games. In a good male saloon, the missus would be only the missus!

But let it not be thought that the life of a career-woman's spouse is entirely bleak!

For one thing, such a bird moves, if he moves at all, among some of the prettiest and smartest women in any given town, mine included. Moreover, he is fussed over and petted, in an extremely nice way, as the hangnail of his frau. In short, he is a sort of Sorority Brother—non-voting, but privileged to attend all stated meetings and initiations unless the affair is strictly hen. At such times he can go to a movie.

Moreover, the fashion show is

not an unmixed curse. As you undoubtedly know, the most luscious wenches now on public exhibition are the lovely, long-legged mannequins who parade the new frippery before the goggling buyers. Infinitely more lively and colorful than the gorgeous clothes-horses of Ziegfeld's prime, the native model is now Top Girl, and worth anybody's leer.

Then there are the junkets. Hardly a month passes but what some rich trade tycoon isn't leading a posse of these starry-eyed career girls on some long and interesting safari, strictly a la cuffo. It may be a thrilling cross-country dash to visit a zipper-farm, or a jaunt to the headwaters of the Amazon to show how the new dance frocks are a free adaptation of the South American Indian's G-string. They can usually wangle a bid for their helpmates, who may get quietly plastered in a club car or smoking room between spells of luggage-toting. This sort of thing, however, requires large chunks of time, and the Career Husband who has a confining job is just out of luck.

It's not a bad life, once the hide hardens and the great Christian virtues of patience and humility reach a high point of development. Provided the old man keeps digging up enough scratch to pay his room-rent and laundry bill, his economic status becomes a matter of envy among those old-time "good providers" who are still forced to moil and toil all week and then dump the proceeds in Mamma's lap on pay-night.

Some of us, I am forced to admit, can't take it. Little by little this feminine obsession with the petty didoes of trade wears them down. Some go on the drink, some slip quietly to the Far Northwest under new names, a few psychotics do double jack-knives from the pent-house rail.

Most of the gang, however, after some years of practice, have adapted themselves nobly to their new status. The majority of my boy friends in the fashion chain-gang have learned the trick of a sort of self-induced trance—in the grip of which we literally hear, see, or feel nothing when the heat is on. We realize perfectly that men, after countless centuries of bread-winning travail, have learned to take their affairs in stride—while the girls are still running hog-wild in business, the professions, the crafts.

Yet even such a docile and philosophical dodo as myself must admit to an occasional low moment—particularly the early morning after a late night with the siphons. At such times there is an almost irresistible impulse, as the Career Bride leaps ardently from the sheets, to hold out one's shiny breeches with a gesture of complete resignation and say, "Here, Sweets!"

Misunderstood Male of the Month

ROBERT TAYLOR

IN NO sphere of human activity is the accident of personal beauty so nearly fatal as it is in the movies. The dream princes of the cinema appear on 15,000 American screens, and set as many as 20,000,000 females to panting and moaning in the course of a week.

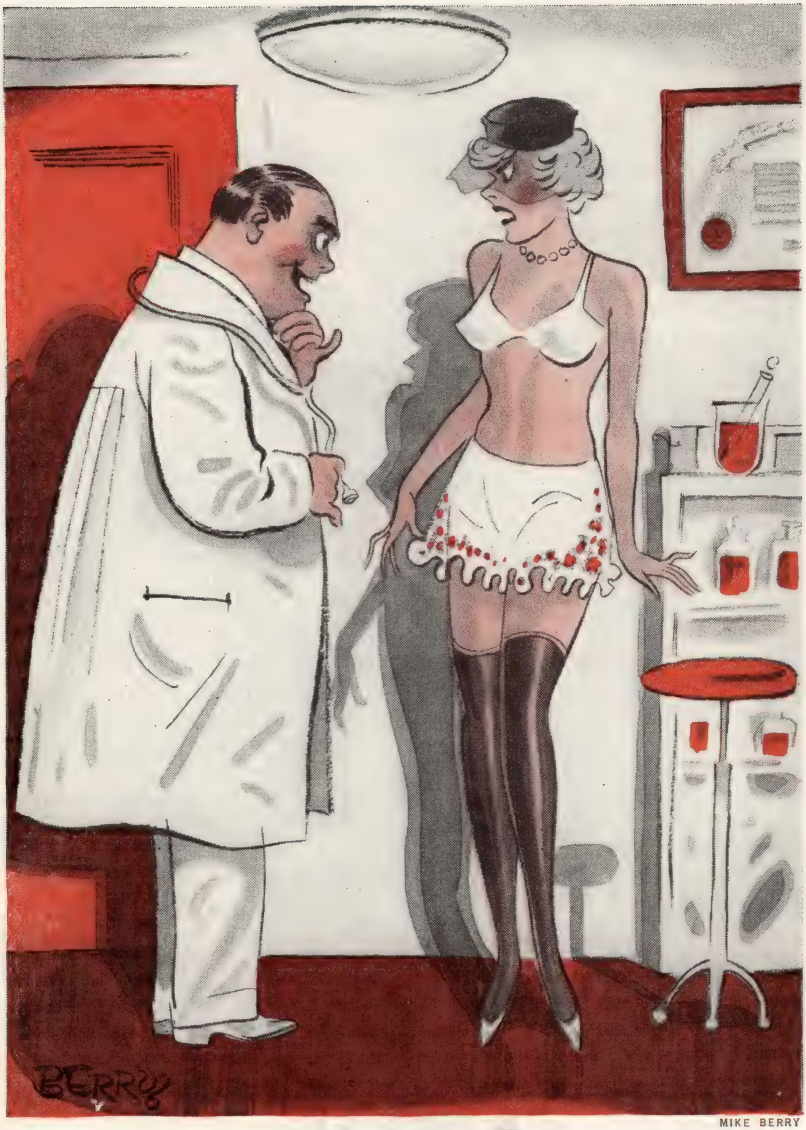
At the moment the most widely adored wonder man, among these punch-drunk dolls, is Mr. Spangler Arlington Brugh, III, late of Beatrice, Neb., pop. 12,000.

Young Mr. Brugh (which is "Broo," not "Brugg") is better known to song and story as Robert Taylor, which simple moniker was yanked from a derby hat at a mighty conference presided over by Mr. Louis B. Mayer himself. Mr. Taylor's every move, these days, is a picture, wired to the farthest ends of the earth. He is the latest in the royal line of Screen Crushes which began with the late Wally Reid and the equally late Rudy Valentino, and he is at least their equal in arousing and inflaming the girls.

One of the drollest facets of masculine psychology is the way these gorgeous prancers of the studios infuriate the men who are dragged protestingly to the movies by their women-folk. They act as though the beauty of the dashing stars was achieved deliberately, and take the idol's every appearance as a direct affront to their own buck teeth, bumpy noses, bald spots, and bow legs.

It has been so since the first beautiful man exhibited himself before the lying camera. The more amorously the girls coo and sigh, the louder are the muttered black curses of their unhappy escorts. In fact most men seem to feel that there is something inherently soft and sissified about any male suffi-

By TED COOPER



MIKE BERRY

"But Doctor! I thought I was the one who was supposed to say Ah"

ciently lovely to achieve $2,500 a week for showing himself in the studios. That this is patently boloney makes no difference whatever. Such a mattress-chested stalwart as Clark Gable, for instance, could probably lick the bejaysus out of 98 percent of the blokes who jealously decry and snort at his barrel chest and his darling dimples.

A classic case of this male envy (for such it is, as any amateur psychologist will tell you) is found in the life and tough times of Signor Rudolph Valentino of pious memory. The signor, in spite of his great movie success, was one of the unhappiest of mortals. He knew full well that though the girls practically fell down and died every time he clamped a loving headlock on his leading lady, the gents looked upon him as a downright horticultural specimen, and made private and public fun of him to their enamored frails.

The signor's physical stock in trade consisted of Latin boudoir eyes, bear-greased hair and great address and skill in the cinematic amour. It soon became known that he sported a silver slave bracelet—proof positive, in the average male mind, that he was an effeminate softy, or worse. As a result, Valentino spent the last years of a short life in fits of black despair or stormy rages. Once, in Chicago, his hot Calabrian blood boiled completely over and he challenged a journalistic carper to a duel—which, alas, did not come off, as I believe the Windy City newspaperman chose empty beer-bottles at 20 paces. But Rudy died an embittered man, thanks to the constant masculine habit of hating and denouncing him merely because he was pretty on the screen.

Today this male rancor is heaped upon the naturally curly hair of dear Robby Taylor, as unassuming and innocent a lad as ever was born in Filley, Nebraska, on August 5, 1911.

He attained his present screen eminence entirely through the avid interest of the goofy girls of America—and he is, at the same time, their squirming victim. Had he not gone west to Pomona College, near Los Angeles, where a studio scout noted his great beauty in a school play, he might have ended his days as a cello player or an inconspicu-

ous juvenile in what is left of the moribund theatre.

Comrade Taylor's physical attributes are practically perfection for a screen godlet. Standing six feet in height, his slim figure runs to 165 pounds, camera-side weight. His eyes are blue and his brown hair rolls over the skull in graceful natural waves. He favors double-breasted suits and suede topcoats. As far as his face is concerned, he possesses as magnificently perfect a set of tusks as ever flashed before the camera, and a sniffer which very nearly approaches, in beauty, that of Jack Barrymore in his nasal prime. In short, dear Robby is perfect meat for the babes—and excellent poison for male jeers.

Being at the moment red-hot, his appearances in the flesh are often nearly fatal. A few months ago Robby came to Gotham for an eastern holiday of ten days. As it was about the time he was loving Greta Garbo in "Camille" in all the newspapers, the New York sodality of love-maddened movie girls set upon the unhappy lad like wild beasts. Issuing from a Broadway radio studio after a broadcast, no less than 2,000 of these skirted idiots fell upon the boy with fang and claw, and by the time a riot squad had rescued him he was quite seriously bruised and contused, and had actually lost a shoe in the melee. So unnerved was he by this horrid experience among the women bent on killing him 'cause they loved him that after three embattled days, during which he could not call his profile his own, he fled back to the peace of Beverly Hills.

None of this, obviously, was the fault of poor Robert. He was just a nice boy who had come east to rest and tend strictly to his own business. But the crazy women of the metropolis just would not let him alone—just as they have made life unbearable for every movie darling who has trekked east for personal appearances or just for a little quiet tippling, resting, and discreet amour.

There was only a slight hint of these coming wonders—this monstrous adoration — in the early life of our hero. My biographical authority for much of his simple annals is found in a colorful brochure entitled "The True Life Story of Robert Taylor"—now on sale to his addicts at all newsstands for the tenth part of a dollar. To the best of my belief it is the first time in screen history that an entire booklet has been devoted to the life story of a film Glory Boy—which will give you a good idea of the handsome child's current potency at the ticket-wicket.

Every child of sound middle-class parents in America is forced to "take" something, and so, as soon as Spangler Arlington could swing a bow he was set at the cello, and attained some proficiency at the out-sized fiddle under the tutelage of the good Prof. Herb Gray, who soon be-

came his mentor in many ways. Soon the family moved to the larger town of Beatrice, which the youth still considers home.

When he reached high school age, his revered father began brief but pointed comments on the wicked ways of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

History records that Brugh, pere, said "My son, abjure alcohol, nicotine, and women," and Spangler abjured very successfully for many years. His saga says he was no chaser, and even today he hesitates to puff a coffin-nail in his mother's presence, though he does smoke and drink in a very modest way when not under the parental eye. As for girls, he has had but two during his three or four years in Hollywood. His first sweetie-pie was the pretty Irene Hervey, now married to another; his current flame is the red-headed Barbara Stanwyck, once the ever-loving wife of the zany, Frank Fay.

It is sad to record that the Men of Pomona (Bobby's college) rather looked down their noses at our hero when first he took up his labors in their midst. I must confess that the handsome boy was immediately dubbed "The Sheik" by his fellow students, thanks to his budding loveliness. But it was a case of pluck and luck, do or die, with Spangler Arlington, and before very long his acting ability, his prowess as an orator, and his adroit scrapings of the cello won over the student body. Certainly he was destined for Big Things! It is significant that he acted at the drop of a prompt-book, and that plans to follow medicine and the law were soon dropped quietly into the college incinerator.

It was precisely at this moment that stars fell on young Mr. Brugh, and the potent name of Mr. Ben Piazza, a talent sleuth for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, enters the picture!

Mr. Piazza, disguised as a botany instructor, had dropped into Pomona to eye professionally the college performance of "Journey's End." "The Sheik" was playing the leading role, Captain Stanhope. Struck with the beauty of the young actor, Mr. Piazza lost no time in snatching him for the cinema chain-gang, and in no time at all Mr. Brugh was a student ham in the stockade at Culver City, getting $75 a week as he learned his strange trade.

His good looks were a sure-fire asset, and his acting ability increased and it was not long before the youngster was pushed before a whirring camera. Louis B. Mayer, the shah of the outfit, had tagged him Robert Taylor, thus ridding him of the Spangler Arlington handicap.

He appeared in "Society Doctor" with the superb Virginia Bruce, and his beauty was duly noted by thousands of young ladies, who forthwith began to heave and sigh. His work with Irene Dunne in "The Magnifi-

cent Obsession" further aroused American Womanhood, and when he displayed himself in the leading male role of "Broadway Melody of 1936" it was all over but the assault and battery on his beautiful person. Robert Taylor had arrived—but definitely—as the new Dream Man, and thousands of women basely deserted Gable, Gary Cooper, and Ronald Colman for the Taylor camp, where they huff and puff to this day.

Today he goes along as quietly as possible, doing his amiable stuff. His money goes into an annuity. He lives in a rented bungalow on one of the hills of Beverly, he collects wrist watches, and he changes his clothes some four times a day—a true histrionic stigmata. Several secretaries struggle bravely with 7,000 fan letters a week. He received the movie Legion of Honor when he was elected the ardent Armand to Garbo's "Camille"—and certainly no handsomer juvenile ever flung the handful of stage money in the face of that tubercular joy-girl than this same Pride of Beatrice!

He seems very fond indeed of the fetching Stanwyck, but shrugs off all rumors of an early wedding—for while Hollywood romances are very fine indeed for a Hollywood Wonder Prince, marriage is considered fatal to his box-office prowess among the cash-girls and tray-balancers.

Meanwhile, this good-looking young posturer from the mountains of Nebraska is the current butt of all male jibes and jests as he goes about his profession of making goo-goo eyes and romantic passes at some of the movies' most beauteous dames.

The more popular a movie matinee idol is, the more frantically the young emotional push-overs assault the theatres where his artistic labors are on view, the louder do the men folk sneer and snort. And the tragedy of all this is, from the point of view of the gorgeous trouper, that he can't help it at all. He merely happened to be pretty above the common run of his brothers, and to have fame, money, and close-ups thrust upon him in the studios.

Poor Robby Taylor—much more to be pitied than scorned! The day will come, alas, when that dentistry will lose its luster, those natural hair-waves grow sparse, that beautiful nose merely something with which to smell. By that time, let us hope, the laddie's annuity will be very fat indeed, and he will have the tasty Barbara to wife until death or a Reno jurist do them part. For there's a new dream man along oftener than the traditional street-car. It just happens that this is Robby Taylor's turn.

Of course, he's a ham—but so what!

Lay off, boys, lay off! He can't help it, any more than you can help your asthma. Always remember not to shoot the professor—he's doing his best!

GEORGE SHELLHASE

"He won't lay a glove on me—this is his girl's picture"

. . . . . Goose goes high!

Harlem frames
a fer-de-lance

By ROBERT CARSE

He stood six feet-three when he was shoeless and his friends in Fort de France said he was one of the strongest black men in all of Martinique. Yet this was his first trip in anything except an island schooner and he carried in his mind a very clear image of the powerful, often terrible sea god, Agoué. The bosun's orders had been to come here and free the bilge-lead to the lower hold. The bosun had given him a piece of wire, a broom, and the electric torch, and told him to be quick.

He put the torch down on the deck plates and let its beams widen in a yellow pooling before him. Then he saw the snake, the amber lucence of its eyes. It was a *fer de lance;* he knew that at once. His feet left the deck in a galvanic yet controlled motion. He flung the broom while he was still in the air, the fear of death cold through him. He saw the snake. It was still. He let loose his breathing in a gasping, moaning kind of sound. With another step he would have been dead. *"Bon Die',"* he whispered. *"Sacré Bon Die'. . . ."*

He slid off his stout dungaree jumper, held it like a hood. He threw it out and forward at the snake, in the way he had learned in Martinique. Beneath the cloth the snake did not move.

Gros Jule swept up the broom and then half a dozen heavy pieces of plank-ends from among the dunnage. He dropped those around the edges of the jumper, securing the snake. Then he pulled his cap from his head. The *fer de lance* was from the island, he thought. It had been

brought aboard among the fruit in Martinique. There was a chance he had killed it with the broom. At least, it was torpid and unmoving now.

He returned to the deck with the snake held so, within the jumper and his cap. The bosun bawled at him from 'midships but he went on, into the focsle. His partner, scrawny yellow Bouqmi, sat at the other end of the mess table and Gros Jule stopped before him. *"V'la,"* he told Bouqmi. *"M'ab trouvé.* Just now, down in the fore-hold I found it. The little brown one. *Ouais,* the nasty one—*fer de lance!"*

"Ouais!" Bouqmi said. "Gros Jule talks! It's dead?"

"Alive," Gros Jule said, and started to hold out his sheathed hand.

"Not me," Bouqmi whispered, his eyes rolled back white.

The gray-headed mulatto bosun stood in the doorway, his sloped shoulders filling the frame. "What you got there?" he asked Gros Jule in an oddly pleasant voice. "What are you keeping in that box, man?"

"Snake," Gros Jule said. *"Fer de lance."*

"So you come up on deck," the bosun said. "You forget the bilge-lead."

"I'm going back and fix that," Gros Jule said. "Right now."

"Maybe, though," the bosun said, "you'd like to stand gangway watch tonight? You wouldn't like to go ashore and see New York, with the smart men like Bouqmi who know the town?"

Gros Jule opened his mouth to speak again and Bouqmi whispered quickly at his side. "Gros Jule is new in the ship," he said aloud to the bosun. "He thought when he found the snake he should bring it topside. But I know how a man can make money with a snake like that in this town. A lot of money, for all hands here."

The bosun remained silent and pretended to study his pipe bowl. Bouqmi went on, rapidly. "There's some of those coconut-heads from Jamaica up here in the Harlem. English island boys who think they're real smart and know how a mongoose fights. . . . *Ouais, même ca.* And how the little brown snake, the *fer de lance,* he fights the mongoose. They have money, the coconut-heads, to bet on their pet mongoose against a *fer de lance.* But their 'goose is fat, and lazy. He don't jump high any more. I've seen him fight. But all they've got here is tame snakes, that don't make him jump."

"'Tendi." Bouqmi scratched the end of his spatulate nose. "If Gros Jule and I had a hundred dollars and this snake on the dock, we could be back here in the morning with five hundred more."

"So." The bosun shut his eyes and worked his lips as he figured. "I've got fifteen. I'll see you and Gros Jule draw ten apiece from the skipper. I'll get the rest to-

gether, from some of them back aft. But, if you don't come aboard with that and five hundred more in the morning. . . ."

Gros Jule saw New York and the Subway for the first time that night. He went ashore in a clean suit of dungarees and a cruelly stiff pair of patent leather shoes, the *fer de lance* in the cardboard box under his arm. Bouqmi piloted him, elegantly dressed in a checked linen suit and suede-topped French shoes with pearl buttons.

He felt much better when they were out in the air on Lenox Avenue. "Look," he told Bouqmi. "Women who walk without hats in the streets. Every man wearing shoes."

"Shut up," Bouqmi said. "There's some of the coconut-

heads and the Cubans on the corner. Stay right here until I come back. This has to be fixed."

He came back with six or seven of the Jamaicans and a couple of Cubans. The Jamaicans were strapping, black and surly-eyed men who wore rather rough clothing and did not seem fully accustomed to shoes. The Cubans were small, and slick; they smelled of pomade and had gayly coloured shirts and suits. "They are the men who run the thing," Bouqmi whispered to Gros Jule. "They're taking us to the place now. We're in luck. A big *bamboche,* a dance with the real drums, is going, and there will be a lot of people. Maybe we can get some side bets."

"The snake needs air soon," Gros Jule muttered. "Air and some flies."

The place was down a series of long halls that smelled badly and were lit by gas. It was wide and long, jammed from end to end with people. All of them bore the stamp of negro blood. Some he recognized immediately as familiar island types, from the Barbadoes and Trinidad, Haiti, Antigua, and Porto Rico. Others were a cross of blurred breeds he did not know. But some, he realized with surprise, were from the "old tribes," straight out of Africa, with the tribal scarifications on their cheeks and brows.

A way was made through them for him and Bouqmi and

the men Bouqmi had met on the street. At the far end was a pit made for mongoose and snake fighting. A close wire mesh was stretched over a square space formed of strong planks. Plank benches were stacked around it and the crowd was already working close there. Bouqmi and the tallest of the conical-skulled Jamaicans had started a long conversation.

Gros Jule turned and watched a girl in the crowd. She was erect, very slender, her skin the color of old mahogany. She was a type in which the old African blood ran true, with the straight, fine features and hair, the narrow lips and high cheekbones of one of the ancient warrior tribes of the Senegal. Her dress was of red silk, lay close against her body. She wore solid gold loop earrings. By the way her madras headcloth was fixed Gros Jule knew she was not from his island or Guadeloupe. Then he saw the vari-colored beads about the superb lines of her throat and he knew she was Haitian, in all probability a priestess of the *Vaudou.*

She smiled gravely as she found his eyes upon her and advanced a little. "You are the man who has the snake?" she asked in the soft talk of the Haitian hill folk.

"Yes, it is my snake," he said. "A real Martiniquan *fer de lance.* But it will not fight well unless it has air."

"Put him in the ring, then. That is only right. The people will be angry unless it is a good fight."

By her use of the masculine gender for the snake, and the quiet, level tone of authority in her voice, Gros Jule was certain she was a priestess of the *Vaudou* cults. But he grinned and nodded towards Bouqmi. "My partner is fixing the fight," he said. "Maybe I should wait."

Her bright, dark eyes narrowed. "Let the snake be free in the ring," she said. "That man talking with your partner is Dongall. He is the man who handles the mongoose here. If he says anything, tell him I have talked to you. I am Thirene."

"Bon." Gros Jule grinned wide. "You are very kind, Thirene." He found a loose corner of the wire and slid the box under, turned it upside down. The *fer de lance* went sliding and rustling over the planks, and the crowd roared. Men and women were jammed right against the sides of the pit now, and the rich, strong odour of raw liquor and sweaty bodies filled Gros Jule's nostrils. He felt very confident and very happy.

Bouqmi and the hulking Jamaican, Dongall, were moving forward. The Jamaican scowled and shook the cage in which he carried the fighting mongoose as he talked with Bouqmi. There was something about the Jamaican's voice and eyes he did not like, Gros Jule thought. Dongall was a man to be watched,

now and later. Dongall was gesticulating at him now, talking harsh English words which Gros Jule did not understand. *"Moin pas capable,"* he said, and pointed to Bouqmi.

"He wants to know," Bouqmi muttered, "who let the snake in the pit."

"Tell him I did," Gros Jule said hoarsely. "Tell him the girl named Thirene said I could. Then tell him to start the fight!"

"Be easy," Bouqmi said huskily. "No man here is our friend, and I have bet all the money."

Gros Jule did not bother to answer him; the lithe and narrow-headed mongoose was in the ring with the *fer de lance.*

The snake was rippling in incredibly swift motion before the mongoose was able to get all four feet on the floor. But the animal lifted clear, straight up, and wheeled from the snake. "What do the men say?" Gros Jule bawled at Bouqmi. "What is it these coconut-heads beside me are yelling?"

Bouqmi repeated the English sentence for him first: " 'Goose goes high!' The coconut-heads say they have never seen this mongoose leap so high."

Gros Jule took him hard by the arm. "We were supposed to fight a mongoose that doesn't jump so high. We're betting other men's money."

"I know . . . I know." Bouqmi's face had gone a grayish shade. "But wait."

The *fer de lance* was turning, thrusting repeatedly. It was marvelous, and fearful, like the

striking of lightning down a hurricane sky. The mongoose lifted and whirled before it; small white teeth showed, flicked. The dark body of the snake spun slewing, straightened out. The motion was slow, tortured now. The mongoose did not follow, crouched still. The snake flipped over, showing the white belly. It was dead.

Gros Jule could not hear the yelling of the crowd. He could not hear his own cursing. There was a tearing, searing sound which started inside his brain and filled his head. It stopped only when Dongall took him by the shoulder. "You pay," Don-

gall said. Gros Jule understood that. "And I get the snake," the Jamaican added with emphasis.

Bouqmi was shaking all over. "He wants the snake," Bouqmi translated. "He says it's his."

Gros Jule settled back on his heels and measured. "No," he said. Then as Dongall yanked and yelled at him again, he struck Dongall flush between the eyes.

Four or five men came at Gros Jule at once. He went back against the side of the pit with Bouqmi sprawling beside him. Then Thirene, the Haitian girl, was there. She came between the men quite easily, stood still, beautiful and arresting in her gleaming red dress. "Wait," she said to the Jamaicans and Cubans. "There can be no fighting here. You know that. And this man has a right to the snake. The snake is his. I say so. Give him the snake. . . ."

"All right." The girl put her hand on Gros Jule's arm. "Get the snake, then come with me. Tell your friend to go. Tell him he will not be harmed, and to wait for you outside."

"This way," Thirene said, and opened a heavy door for Gros Jule, then followed.

The room where Gros Jule found himself was not very large. A simple couch was against one wall. Another was given over to a *Vaudou* altar. The signs of the serpent and the ancient, mystic sun symbols were scrolled there and before them a table carrying the vials, the sacrificial bottles and the crosses, charms, and images of the black religion. There was an image of Agoué, the sea god, among them, and Gros Jule lowered his head before it, bent down as the girl watched him.

"Now," she said softly, "give me the snake. He is for me. I serve *Vaudoun.*"

Gros Jule stared at her for a long moment. "It's a Martiniquan snake," he said. "You want it for the *Vaudoun?*"

"Yes," she said, and held her hand out to him.

He stood motionless, the blood racing and beating in his veins, as she cut open the snake's head and took out the poison. There was a small jar of some oddly carved and dark stone on the table. Into it she poured the poison, sealed it with a stopper made in the form of a serpent's head. "Now," she said, her voice muted. "Show me how they dance *la chica* in Fort de France. Show me the real *Martiniquaise.* You can hear the drums?"

"They're in my blood," Gros Jule muttered thickly, his hands stretched forth to take her hips.

They were dancing like that when Dongall opened the door and entered. He slouched against the wall once he was inside, and Gros Jule saw that he was very drunk, and held a razor in his hand. He spoke English swiftly to Thirene. Then he came stumbling forward, the razor weaving a

bright, looped pattern in the light.

Gros Jule tripped Dongall with a running lunge. He felt the razor blade whip across his knee cap as though it were liquid fire. But then he leaned and hit the man at the angle of the jaw just below the ear. He heard the jaw crack, and then the spine grind and break as he braced and bent back the lashing body with all his strength.

Blood was running down his leg and filling his shoe. Thirene knelt next to him and suddenly the flow of blood stopped and he saw that she had formed a tourniquet about his knee.

"Listen," she said. "I must talk to you, big man. This one here wanted to be my lover. He thought too that he could be a priest of the *Vaudou*. But he was not honest. He cheated when he gambled. He tricked you and your friend tonight. That mongoose he put in the pit could not be killed by a *fer de lance*. Dongall and the men who worked with him found a doctor who made for them a poison which would not kill the mongoose, but would protect it against the *fer de lance*. Now, wait. Be still."

She bent over Dongall and took from inside the lining of his coat a wad of bills. She tossed them over to Gros Jule.

Gros Jule sat with the money riffled in his hands. She had lifted the dead man, carried him to a door that Gros Jule had not seen before. Gros Jule heard voices there, of men out of his sight. Then she came back alone. She sat down beside Gros Jule on the couch. "Don't think of him," she said. "He was a bad man. His life doesn't count."

"I'm not," Gros Jule said. "I'm thinking of you." His powerful arms grasped her and she looked smiling up into his face. "Tonight," she said, "you win twice . . ."

It was cold in the long, winding hallways and gray dawn in the street when Gros Jule came out to find Bouqmi. The little yellow man sat huddled in a doorway. He cursed Gros Jule and asked him a string of whining questions.

"In Martinique, maybe I'll tell you," Gros Jule said. "Not here. I'm never coming back."

"I got cold waiting," Bouqmi muttered. "Then a yellow girl came along. I went with her. As soon as we got in the door, a pair of men jumped me. They took my last couple of dollars. Then, when I fought, they took my shoes. . . . We'd better not go back to the ship. We'd better go and jump—"

"Look," Gros Jule said, and showed him the edge of the wad of bills. "We can go back to the ship, all right. Call one of those cars with the clocks that click. The bosun will get a laugh out of that, seeing us coming back to the ship in one of those cars with a clock. And you without your shoes."

Who said

Gentlemen of the Press?

It was the night Mad Dog Coll was rubbed out—punctured prettily by 57 machine-gun slugs, unless the Medical Examiner messed up the count.

The damned reporters were there almost with the crack of the gun, getting in everybody's hair, asking their usual bright questions:

"Is he dead?" (There were so many holes in Mad Dog that the corpse was air-conditioned. Reporters don't catch on very fast.

"Who shot him?" (The Police Department's face is still red on that one.)

"What was he doing in the drugstore, anyway?" (When Coll was murdered he was standing in a phone booth with the receiver at his ear, but a reporter wouldn't get any clue from that.)

One or two of the bright young men were screaming for somebody to get the body the Hell out of the way so they could use the phone booth. Another was bawling out the drug clerk for not fixing him up with a chocolate nut sundae at a time like this.

Mad Dog was lying there, neatly gathered to his fathers. There was blood, but not enough to make the floor slippery. There were cops possessed of the usual police I.Q. There were photographers possessed of paraphernalia and unbelievable gall.

The company of reporters that night was honored by the distinguished presence of Walter Winchell, bless his heart.

Mr. Winchell is a paddy wagon chaser. Give him a police bulletin and a running start, and Walter will quickly be penning imperishable literature at

By CARLOS KNIGHT

top speed in the victim's very blood, and screaming for the corpse to bleed faster.

Walter had been hanging around the *Mirror* office when word came in that Vincent Coll had been blown to Hell down on West 23rd Street. So he hopped a cab and went down.

The murder of Coll was a matter of considerable professional satisfaction to Walter, for a few days earlier he had hinted broadly in his column that Mad Dog's number was up. Very few newspapermen ever get advance notice on murders, even columnists. The Coll bump-off, therefore, was a fine feather in Walter's columnar cap.

Some of the peasants, citizens, etc., as Shakespeare would put it, paid more attention to Winchell than to the murder; but the reporters weren't impressed. To them he was just another guy with his mouth open.

After the mess had been cleaned up, a girl reporter from the *News* went up to the Gray Ghost of Gotham.

"Are you Walter Winchell—the great Walter Winchell?" she asked, rolling her eyes in wondering adoration.

Mr. Winchell answered yes.

"Oh, my," giggled the girl. "I never thought I would live to see the day when I would be *vis-a-vis* with Walter Winchell. Would it be asking too much to shake your hand—the one you write those wonderful words with?"

Walter extended his hand. The lady of the press clasped it firmly. There was an explosion. Walter yanked his hand away in great haste and his face lit with alarm. The girl had had one of those "be-the-life-of-the-party" gadgets concealed in her hand, and when Walter clasped it the thing went pop-pop.

See what I mean? There lay Mad Dog with 57 slugs in his body. Here was Death. Here was Winchell. And here were those damned reporters playing games.

I'm a newspaperman going on twenty-three years, and I know whereof I speak about reporters. I will not go so far as to say newspapermen are morons of the lower brackets, but if you interpret my statistics that way, can I help it if you're smart fellers?

There was that classic example of super-intelligence in Chicago on the day of the Iroquois Theatre fire. A reporter was sitting on the curb of a street near the theatre, holding his head in his hands and ruing the day.

Sitting thus, he saw a manhole cover pushed aside a few feet away. Out of the opening crawled a man, then another, and another—a dozen or more.

They were escaping, through the big sewer, from the blazing theatre. They were human testimonies to the greatest news story Chicago had seen since Mrs. O'Leary's cow got careless. Here was a sensational story right in the lap of a reporter.

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"If I hire her will you teach her to typewrite?"

So then what happened?

The reporter stared, fascinated, when he saw the manhole cover moved away. His eyes dilated when he saw the first man emerge. They popped from his head when the second man came out. As the third man's head appeared, the reporter leaped to his feet and sprinted down the street like a fellow with a seatful of red ants.

He didn't stop until he reached a hospital where he shouted for immediate medical attention for what he insisted was a serious case of delirium tremens.

It wasn't until the next day that he learned the biggest news story he could ever hope to see had walked right into his parlor —a scoop merely for the getting-up from the curb—and he had run away from it, like it was a herd of pink elephants.

Newspapermen are overrated and over-romanticized. They get a name for being professional men of superior mental attainment. Strangers, learning I am a newspaperman, sidle alongside me and ask me questions about the European situation. What in Hell do I know about the European situation? I don't even know who is alderman from my district.

The average reporter is a fellow from Indiana who got into the business because he was too lazy to help the old man plow the back forty. Reporters will tell you it was their urge to write, to "create." The fallacy in that is that not one in a thousand can write worth beans, and all a reporter ever creates is a scene.

There are exceptions to everything, but there are a few general truths about reporters that might just as well be told. I'm getting sick and tired of letting the public go along believing that these fellows are of any importance, even to their so-called loved ones.

First: newspapermen are shiftless and thriftless. Give one of them an assignment that carries him from Times Square to the Battery, and the poor lug will have to float a loan from the office boy for subway fare.

Second: he dresses like a flood refugee and has the social charm

of an oaf. He curses in the presence of women and brazenly explains that he does so because he doesn't want to cramp his individuality; the truth being he seldom knows enough decent words to express himself intelligently. You can find proof of this in your daily paper, the stories of which are written in journalese.

The damned reporters defend their writing by saying they have to write with a limited vocabulary because newspaper readers are morons incapable of comprehending polysyllabic presentation of the day's events. I have yet to meet a newspaperman who did not hold to this naive premise. The big bums actually think they've got Too Much on the Ball—and even their miserable little weekly pay checks never seem to tip them off to their unimportance.

Bartenders are expected to show us attention. They're supposed to let us drink on the cuff, and when we run up a bill and don't pay it they are supposed to laugh heartily and remark, understandingly: "Oh, these newspapermen. Ain't he a card, folks?"

In our defense, let me say that we have a lot on our minds. Hardly a payday comes but what there's a process server hanging around, or a garnishee in the offing. Most of us know all the answers, but there comes an inevitable day when they won't take anything but dough for an

answer. And that in cash.

Money isn't the only thing that worries us. No matter how good a job we have, we gripe about it and spend a lot of time trying to get a better one. We move across the street, and then we move back again, partly in the quest for new fields for our gigantic genius and partly in the hope of throwing our creditors off the scent.

We are—and I make no exceptions—screwy as they come. The city editor of a New York tabloid turned to a reporter the other day and said:

"There's a rumor going around town that Mrs. B—— of the social register B——s, has blown her top, gone crazy as a loon."

"That's too bad," said the reporter, not stopping in his work of carving a nude woman into the top of his desk.

"Too bad, Hell," shouted the city editor, "It's sensational. It's a streamer. It's the story of the day—if it's true."

"O.K., sweetheart," the re-

porter said, reached for a phone, and eventually got Mrs. B——.

"This is a reporter for the *Tab*," he said. "Is there any truth to the report, madam, that you are out of your mind?"

After a few seconds, he hung up and turned to the city editor.

"The lady's o.k., honeybunch," he said.

There was the time in Chicago when all the reporters were awaiting the arrival of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh at an air field. One editor figured the foxy Colonel—who loathed those damned reporters—would drop his plane down at the far end of the field and get away before the gentlemen of the press could corral him. The editor therefore assigned two men to the field. One was at the hangar, with a telephone line kept open to his office. The other was at the far end of the field. If Lindbergh landed there, the reporter was to wave both arms, whereupon the hangar reporter would flash word to his office that the intrepid aviator had arrived.

A few minutes later the telephone reporter saw his pal giving the signal, so he passed the news on to the office that Lindbergh had landed.

Ten minutes later the other reporter strolled in.

"What did Lindy have to say?" his brother scribe inquired.

"Lindy?" echoed the other. "I ain't seen him. He ain't here yet."

"Ain't here?" said the first reporter in alarm, for he knew his paper was by now on the streets with streamers that the Colonel had landed. "What do you mean he ain't here? You gave me the signal, didn'tja?"

"You mean when I waved my arms? Oh, yeah. I was just practising."

That is why I say those damned reporters are Dopes. The capital D is for emphasis.

It is too late for me to turn back now, at my age. I couldn't earn peanuts working in any other trade. I'll have to play out the string being a damned reporter. I'll have to go on prying into people's personal affairs, shoving my whiskey nose into what's none of my business, and sneering at every person who doesn't carry a reporter's card.

I'll continue on, feeding my vanity with the poppy-hop that newspapermen are the only citizens who Really Understand What It's All About; and I'll die feeling sorry for the millions of people, poor things, who couldn't be a newspaperman like me.

This I say in friendly warning:

Don't fraternize with newspapermen, if you want to preserve any moral standing whatever.

Don't lend them money with any vague thought of ever seeing it again.

Don't under any circumstances trust them with your wives, daughters, or even your grandmother. I'm telling you something.

My House-broken Friends

By HEYWOOD BROUN

The first dog I ever knew was a water spaniel named Sally and I liked her very much because she used to eat my sister's dinner. Irving and I were spanked upon occasion, but Virginia was delicate in those days and Delia our nurse was under instructions not to clout her. Unfortunately Virginia learned about her immunity and traded upon it. She was a beautiful child, in those days, but given to arrogance. We all wanted to clout her. Particularly at the dinner table she was inclined to be finicky and put on airs, and so one night Delia had a happy idea. "If you're not going to eat that," she said, "I'm going to give your dinner to Sally."

That was a great success. Sally wolfed the food ravenously and Virginia bawled. It became a sort of game. To this day my sister, who is now a mature woman, suffers from nervous indigestion because of the habit she acquired in childhood of eating too rapidly. She was forced to attack with great rapidity each dish set before her since if she lingered even for a moment Irving and I would cry out, "Look, Delia. She's sulking. Give her dinner to Sally."

In the course of time Sally died and my sister married and moved to Larchmont. But though she lives near the Sound she has never been associated with any other water spaniel. She prefers collies, for the second dog who came into our childhood was named Bruce. I believe he came from the Kennels of J. P. Morgan, but just how my father got to know the great financier I never heard. I think that occasionally they played bridge together, and possibly Bruce was turned over to us in settlement of a gambling debt.

Like all pedigreed dogs he was

proud, and the summer we had him shaved almost broke his heart. He looked like a circus lion but in this resemblance he found no joy. Indeed he crawled under a bed and remained there for two days and would not be comforted. With us he was gentle and he made small protest when my sister used to pull him around by the tail. She was frail, as I have said, but vicious in anger and to this day I bear a scar upon my chin to remind me of the afternoon when she hit me with a freight car. Of course, it was a toy freight car. Virginia had not yet attained her growth and in those days she could not have picked up a real freight car, let alone swing it around.

Outside the home Bruce was the fiercest fighter I have ever known with the exception of Captain Flagg to whose saga I will come presently. Bruce specialized in fox terriers and bull dogs. Naturally he did not use the same technique. With fox terriers it was his habit to use an old wrestling trick. He would hit the smaller dog with his two front feet and knock him down. Then he would go for the back of the neck. Unless somebody interfered pretty quickly, that was the end of the fox terrier. Mostly one of us got there in time, but occasionally we were too late and it made bad blood on the block. It was very difficult to convince the neighbors that Bruce was really a very gentle dog if he happened to like you. I will admit that he had prejudices. I could hardly say anything else to the man in Bellport who climbed a telegraph pole when Bruce got after him. If I had insisted that Bruce was gentle, it would have made the man look ridiculous. After all I had to consider his dignity even before the good reputation of the collie.

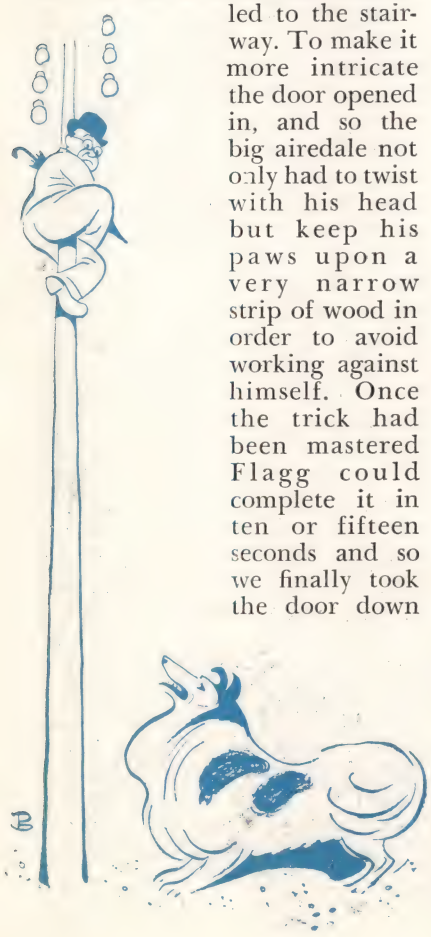
But to get back to bull dogs, as Bruce loved to do—he was a superb strategist and he used his foeman's greatest strength as a source of weakness. We all know, and so did Bruce, that the bull dog likes to take a hold and hang on. In fighting members of this breed, Bruce Broun would almost offer himself as a target. He would make no attempt to evade the rush and in every case the bull dog would seek to sink his teeth close to the throat. But this was the very spot where the collie's coat was thickest. Instead of a windpipe all that the enemy dog got in his mouth was hair. After a little while Bruce would disentangle himself leaving a portion of his coat behind. That may have been painful but it puzzled and perturbed the bull dog no end. If you pin your faith upon the theory that no one can break your grip your confidence is destroyed once that conviction fails you. And so Bruce would first wear down the bull dog's ego and then bite the hell out of him. He was a good dog.

The third dog I knew well had no measure of ferocity whatsoever. He carefully avoided fights and if embroiled he took a licking. Michael Garabed Broun was not even of a mind to be a mouser. Once in a city room I saw a mouse hop from a table to the back of Michael and then to the floor and away upon his business. Michael just pretended that we two were alone in the room. He wasn't looking for any trouble. But I wouldn't have you believe that Michael was in any way broken-spirited. On the contrary he was the liveliest dog I've ever known. Indeed, he drew his middle name out of his quality of boundless energy. At that time a man named Garabed had brought out what purported to be a perpetual motion machine. Michael probably came nearer to the goal than the invention for he was never at rest for a second, and he would go any place at any time just so long as there was no danger attached to the expedition. His was the tragic and ironic end of the innocent bystander. He was run over and killed by an automobile.

But not since mighty Hector was a pup has there ever been a dog to match the late-lamented Captain Flagg. The Captain was, as far as externals were concerned, mostly airedale, and the added and mysterious component may have been elephant for all I know, for Flagg was almost as large as the hound of the Baskervilles and quite as terrifying in anger. Still, all his rages were righteous from his point of view, and his crusades were as noble in purpose as those of Galahad. No, better make it Launcelot. There was that one little episode concerning Winnie, the young police bitch.

Unlike most crusaders, Flagg was highly intelligent and in one particular feat I have reason to believe that he set a new canine high. Albert Payson Terhune, the collie expert, once split a radio hour with me. We were called "the heaviest program on the air." Mr. Terhune talked of dogs while I did news snatches and described the product. One evening in rehearsal Terhune read a script in which he said that though dogs did many remarkable things there were limits to their sagacity. "For instance," he said, "no dog has ever learned to turn a door knob."

At that point it was necessary for me to interrupt, for Captain Flagg could do just that with the greatest of ease. We tried to coop him in the basement of a city house but within twenty-four hours he learned to seize and turn the knob of the door which led to the stairway. To make it more intricate the door opened in, and so the big airedale not only had to twist with his head but keep his paws upon a very narrow strip of wood in order to avoid working against himself. Once the trick had been mastered Flagg could complete it in ten or fifteen seconds and so we finally took the door down in order to save the knob and his teeth.



In calling him intelligent I must admit that there were some comparatively simple things he could never comprehend. Try as I would he could never be made to understand that I viewed his timid proffer of dead cats with repugnance. It seemed impossible to argue Flagg out of his anti-feline propensities. In our backyard the fence line ended because of an extension of the house behind us. The Captain would sit in apparent somnolence by the kitchen door and watch the cats go by. But whenever one undertook to drop into our yard, even for a second, before leaping to the next fence its doom was sealed. It took one bound to reach the prey and one shake of the head to break the backbone of the quarry.

I may be a little less than fair in stigmatizing Flagg as anti-feline. He was just as much against woodchucks and other dogs. Whether this was sheer ferocity on his part or a feeling that he owed the family protection against these monsters I cannot say. No dog was too large for Flagg to tackle or too small for that matter, and he had never read the rule that a dog will not fight with a bitch.

In addition to his lust for battle the Captain's sentimentality should be mentioned as a failing. I do not refer to the long weeks in which he absented himself from home in pursuit of

JOHN RUGE

"But how are we going to make a test-tube baby popular with the masses?"

Winnie. Destiny fixed the proper penalty for that escapade. Flagg became a father and his son lived just across the road. Chang grew to be half again as big as his progenitor, and the closing days of the Captain's life were embittered by his frequent and unsuccessful attempts to defeat his offspring in fair battle.

But what I had chiefly in mind in speaking of Flagg's sentimentality was the extraordinary performance he would put on to welcome any homecoming member of the family. And it didn't matter whether you returned from the end of the earth after a month's absence, or ambled back in half an hour from a quick snort at Joe's tavern around the bend of the road. The performance put on by Flagg would be just the same. While the car was still a hundred yards away from the door he would begin to prance and whimper and once you set foot on the driveway it was a tough job to keep your balance since the Captain would hurl himself against you in mad leaps of ecstatic joy. Thirty times a month I was made to feel like the prodigal son, and if there had been a fatted calf anywhere about I'm sure Flagg would have been delighted to kill it for me. Possibly the whole thing was a piece of play-acting, but Captain Flagg was certainly adequate in his role as the delighted dog.

To the end he retained the capacity for the grand gesture. When old and stricken in years he wandered into the woods and gave battle to a pack of stray dogs. He crawled back home desperately wounded. The vet said that he was completely paralyzed and could never recover. For a month or more he was prone upon a blanket, and there was no sign of improvement. He was lifted into a cab to be taken to the hospital. As the car started down the street, a Great Dane growled and suddenly Flagg got to his feet again and tried to force his way through the window to get at his adversary. The rest is silence.

His Fanny is his Fortune

By A. J. LIEBLING

He rocks on his rear with the greatest of ease

THE MOST remarkable athlete I have ever known is Professor Alexander Meyer, the Rockerless Chair Rocking Champion of the World. The Professor has been out of competition for several years, and there are people today who say he never existed. They say the newspapers made him up. This is the poppycock of small minds who are incapable of understanding anything great and noble, and who excuse themselves by refusing to believe it. Professor Meyer lives, breathes, and eats coffee cake today as he did in 1929 when he was the toast of Madison Square Garden. He has not defended his title since then because he is *hors concours,* in a class by himself, and there have been no challengers.

When Professor Meyer hypnotized the crowds in the Garden with his strange form of athletic activity—it was during the second Madison Square Garden Dance Marathon, promoted by a man named Milton H. Crandall—some sports writers thought that he was exploiting a gift that he had just happened to discover. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Experts say it requires at least five years to develop a champion boxer and ten for a champion wrestler. Professor Meyer, who is now fifty-four years old, has been rocking without rockers since he was ten. The rockerless chair rocker sits in an ordinary straight-legged chair, sways forward from the waist to an angle of 45 degrees, and then sways back again, sixty times a minute.

Inexperienced rockers can never time themselves right, and after a couple of hours they quit, alleging stomach aches or corns at the base of the spine. Rocking was the national sport in his native land, Latvia, during his youth, the Professor says, but it died out with the importation of American rocking chairs, which made it a pastime for weaklings and old ladies. He hates rocking chairs with the

feeling that a bookmaker reserves for a pari-mutuel machine.

"The rocking chair deteriorates the spine," he says. "The chair gets the benefits of the exercise, not the body. My ambition is to knock out the rocking chair."

It was his hatred of rocking chairs that brought Professor Meyer out of retirement in May, 1929, when he saw his chance for a great piece of propaganda in favor of rockerlessness. Crandall, the dance marathon promoter, had not even suspected there was such a sport when he announced his second Cuckoo Cotillion. The first Garden marathon, conducted in the summer of 1928, had netted Mr. Crandall $120,000. It was incumbent upon him to top it by providing a more eccentric entertainment for a public which had developed an unparalleled tolerance for goofiness. As added attractions for the new show he had engaged Alvin (Shipwreck) Kelly, a gentleman who sat atop a sixty-foot mast, Art Huffman, another gentleman who circled the Garden twenty-four hours a day, handcuffed to the steering wheel of an automobile, and a selection of winners from Mr. Crandall's own recently-completed Talking Marathon.

But he was still uncertain of the success of the new venture when he received a letter signed "Alexander Meyer, physio-therapist, Mt. Sinai Hospital," which read approximately as follows:

"Mr. Grandel:—I have been classified as the strongest endurance athlete in the world, having defeated thousands of athletes without a scratch and injuries yet by rocking in a ordinary chair without rockers for from 100 to 500 hours without any stopping. My wife also is a good rocker. You can engage both of our services for $2,000 for your Marathon, which will then be surely a success."

Crandall offered Dr. Meyer and his wife $12.50 an hour each, provided that they rocked without any pause during the sixty minutes. He would have done better to close with the Meyers for the flat price of $2,000. They rocked for 108 hours and collected $2,700 for their work.

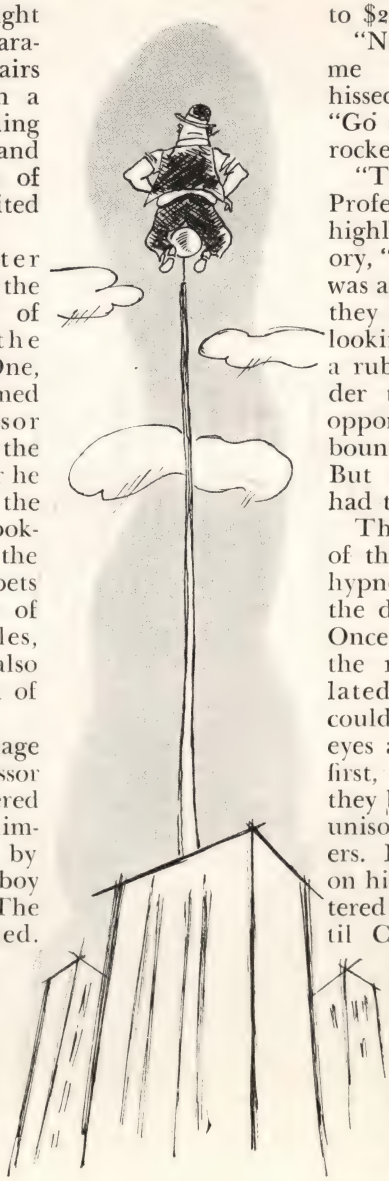
Professor Meyer was a well-proportioned athlete just under six feet tall, who weighs 180 pounds. He has a rugged, aquiline countenance dominated by expressive eyebrows, and his black hair, pointed with grey like a silver fox scarf, is parted exactly in the middle. His wife, Capt. Emily Meyer, was a blonde, deep-bosomed, dimpled woman weighing exactly 260 pounds. They look much the same today, except that Capt. Emily has reduced to 210.

The Meyers made their debut before a large audience of unemployed comedians, night club chorus girls killing time between shows, winners of beauty contests hoping to be photographed, drunks, and shipping clerks out

for a good time. This was the usual night crowd at the marathon. Their chairs were placed upon a platform overlooking the dance floor, and they met a series of opponents recruited by Mr. Crandall.

The promoter brought against the Meyers a galaxy of athletes from the Y. M. C. A. One, appropriately named Bender, Professor Meyer regards as the best natural rocker he ever met. It was the age of gangsters. Bookmakers infested the Garden, taking bets on the endurance of marathon couples, and the rocking also became a medium of speculation.

A sinister personage approached Professor Meyer and offered him $100 to let himself be outrocked by a Y. M. C. A. boy named Palmer. The Professor declined. After a while the fellow came back and offered $500. It was evident he was heavily committed on the rival rocker. He raised the bid hour by hour to $2,000.



"Not if you offered me $2,000 morer," hissed the Professor. "Go away. You are a rockerteer."

"Then," says the Professor, who has a highly dramatic memory, "I seen the judges was against me. When they thought I wasn't looking they slipped a rubber cushion under the end of my opponent, so he would bounce more easier. But in the end he had to give up."

The performance of the Meyers had a hypnotic effect upon the drowsy audience. Once they looked at the rocking the belated Broadwayites could not take their eyes away. Gently, at first, then violently, they began to sway in unison with the rockers. Even Mr. Kelly on his mast teeter-tottered dangerously, until Crandall had to beg the Meyers to rock half time, to avert an accident.

"We stopped because the dancers was getting jealous," Profes-

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Surprise, Mr. Krantz. It wasn't a toothache your wife had"

sor Meyer says. "They said unless somebody looked at them they would quit." Capt. Meyer lost 26 pounds that time.

Then, for 74½ hours, Professor Meyer rocked standing up to attract attention to the opening of a swimming pool at 351 West Forty-second Street. This was in competition with Bill Goll, a professional marathon swimmer, who splashed up and down the tank, periodically receiving nourishment through a rubber hose, while Meyer rocked. Goll quit first.

Meyer has developed a machine called a rockoswayscope. It is a red-lacquered, straight-legged chair with a banjo clock rising from its back. There are springs, covered by a leather cushion, on the back of the chair, and every time Professor Meyer, sitting in the chair, rocks his body, touching the cushion, rubber bands attached to the springs jerk the minute-hand of the clock forward one-sixtieth of a space. On the back of the rocking clock is a common clock, and if one rocks correctly, the two should keep pace. One should rock 3,600 times in an hour, and the Professor always does. While he works upon his invention, Capt. Meyer, who has a steady job in a corset factory, provides the family income.

"If you had two chairs like this in parlor you could have owlways fun," he says. "Comes it company, you say 'I show you a little sport. I bet you dollar I could rock morer times as you.' "

A startling thing happened to the Meyers on February 22, 1935. Mrs. Meyer unexpectedly had a baby, after seventeen years of married life. She had felt a slight internal distress, which she attributed to a large meal of smoked tongue. The doctor ordered her removed to Metropolitan Hospital, and there an eleven-pound girl was born.

"I wanted to name the baby Marta," the Professor confides. "She was born on Washington's Birthday. Of course was not born on Washington's Birthday Marta Washington, yet was kind of nice idea. But the mother liked better Helen." Helen is a beautiful fair-haired child, and regularly knocks off prizes in health contests at the neighborhood health center.

Although he has not competed professionally since the panic, Professor Meyer hopes that somebody will challenge him this year. Things seem to be looking up generally. In fact, walking up Broadway this May, he saw a lot of people looking up, and looking up with them, he saw his old business rival, Alvin Shipwreck Kelly, standing on top of a sixty-foot flagpole on the roof of a theatre. It was the first Kelly recital in New York in years, and it indicated to Professor Meyer that the goofiness business was good again. Professor Meyer is open for engagements.

PUGS *ain't* *PASSIONATE*

By
HILTON
SMYTH

SUMMER is a swell time for some people.

The professional and semi-professional He-Men, for instance. This is the time of year when life guards, wrestlers, pugs, and bozos with a penchant for body building in a big way strut their stuff on the public beaches. Coyly clad in knitted loin cloths, they parade Greek torsos before a palpitant female gallery—giving the little ladies a thrill, an urge . . . *and a damned false impression!*

For the boys with the bulging biceps may look like the answer to a maudlin maiden's prayer but, as the bromides have it, you can't judge a book by its cover. With the brawny lads it's a case of a hefty volume with an exciting dust wrapper . . . filled with blank pages.

The Baron of the Beach is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a Bust in the Boudoir. Just another of nature's little ironies.

* * *

It is one of those things you can't do anything about, either. The ladies have to love and learn for themselves, as most of them are in the habit of doing, anyway. But meanwhile the average scrawny male, whose body apparently was assembled by a craftsman ten minutes late for a pinochle game with the boys around the corner, has to suffer silently while some 1937 Apollo picks off the cream of the cutie crop.

In the winter it isn't so bad. An adroit tailor can make a Gable out of a gangling goof, but in the summer truth will out. Along with a lot of other things. Bathing suits uncover a multitude of sins—more of omission than commission. The man with the protuberant knee-caps and haunted hollow chest can't do much to conceal the true nature

of things, without going into retirement. Alone.

Actually, however, did the physical rejects but realize it, they are sitting pretty. Amorously speaking, they may be about as exciting in appearance as a photograph of the late Calvin Coolidge, but that is all to the good. At least they can never be accused—by the female of the species—of leading a girl along with false hopes. They can surprise—but rarely disappoint.

It would, naturally, be pretty swell for the ladies if the Tarzans of the Shapes could love like they look. And Hell on the rest of us boys. Nature, however, doesn't work that way. Thank God!

There is a very sound scientific reason for it, too. A couple of reasons, to be exact. One mental, the other physical.

To begin with, it can be no deep secret that the average man of muscles—be he prizefighter, wrestler, or what have you—is a conceited egg. When he thinks, if he thinks at all, it is about himself. Well, after all, why not? His body is his business, and his business is his body, and all that. A sagging muscle or a flabby waistline is a financial, not a social, catastrophe to him.

He is forced, by the very nature of his life, to think more of his biceps than of his babes. Babes, he firmly believes, are a dime a dozen, anyway.

Strangely enough, he is right. Women, in large numbers, *do* fall for him. That each liaison is as brief as a champagne bubble never occurs to the pug. He gets the women, doesn't he? Quantity, and even—sometimes—quality.

Bit by bit he gets to think of himself as God's Gift to the Ladies. The frails flock around him; ergo, he must be hot stuff.

"Me," he says, with a bright-eyed innocence. "Me, I'm good! Brother, I c'n get all the dames I want, see?"

Uh-huh. *But*—can the dames get what they want?

The answer, as many a lovelorn lady has learned to her ultimate boredom, is NO. And it is the ladies, partly, who are to blame. The wishful wenches do the pursuing and the snaring.

The pug does the disillusioning.

What has happened is this. The pug, due to the glamour of his profession and physique, is in a reverse position. Instead of being the pursuer, he is the pursued. His emotional reflexes have become dormant through disuse. In his blind egoism, fostered by sex and sensation-starved females, he has reached the conclusion that, to make the women happy, he doesn't have to do anything more than favor them with his presence. Generally, he does no more.

He can't.

It is too long since he has had to make any effort in the way of carnal conquest. In the days of his vapid youth he had the same

chance of becoming a capable Casanova as did the round-shouldered bookkeeper. But the bookkeeper, knowing he was no great shakes to look at, knew that he would *have* to be a good lover if God and the vagaries of flighty females ever gave him the chance.

So when you see a little runt proudly parading alongside some voluptuous Eve, you'll know it is another boy who made good in a lasting way. A lad who started in at the bottom and worked his way up on the ladder of love. A youth who learned that the right angle to wanton whoopee was making the most of everything he had.

But the pug—or wrestler or amateur athlete never learns. The idea that he has anything *to* learn is foreign to him. He's satisfied, ain't he? What more do you want?

There is a physical as well as mental reason for this colossal conceit and attendant fecund frailty. It is, as everything else seems to be today, a matter of hormones.

To explain in what, quite appropriately for this subject, might be called lay terms, it is this way: It is what are known as gland secretions that feed the various hormones. The hormones, in turn, determine our development, physically and in some cases mentally, along this, that, or the other line.

Thus, if certain hormones are over-developed, the remaining hormones, affecting other parts of the nervous system, are neglected. Brain is sacrificed for brawn. Amorous prowess gives way to athletic supremacy.

The physically perfect specimen of manhood may look like a lallapalooza to the ladies, but more often than not he turns out to be a lollypop. Well, you can't have everything!

Eventually—usually after much shiftless and shifty experimentation—most women discover this. Some, unfortunately, never do until too late. There are several cases now on record where wealthy and socially prominent women have, in the first flush of fascination, gone so far as to

marry without preliminary investigation. Most of the subsequent action, in such cases, has been in the public prints rather than private passions.

The pug may be a knockout with a left hook, but he's a sucker in an amorous clutch. Just another prelim boy. Match him against a round-shouldered chap, and he's not even a ham-and-egger. For one thing, he has no manager to do his thinking for him, and no trainer in the corner to tell him what to do. He can't even let nature take its course, because he has been trying to outfox nature for too long a period.

That is why the average professional he-man usually has a constantly changing group of girl friends. Not because he can't be content with one female. But because no normal female can long be contented with him!

Yet, as a general rule, he goes through life and love blissfully unaware of his shortcomings. He believes that his varying harem is due to his vibrant masculinity, never realizing that the girls who learn and go away live to love some other guy.

And it is the little guy, who looks as though a bawdy breeze would blow him away, that eventually noses under the wire, a winner with the wise women. During the long winter months he can make up for the neglect of the summer.

Admittedly, however, it is still pretty tough for the average male during vacation. He can only sit and mope while the sweetie by his side ogles some tawny Tarzan and sighs with suppressed desires. There is nothing, at the moment, he can do about it.

You can't explain, in words, to the little lady that she is lusting for a mirage. You can't tell her that what she sees is all there is, there isn't any more. Not if you're smart, you can't.

She'll think you're lying. She'll think you're jealous. She'll insist you are misrepresenting facts.

But it is the poor pug, proudly parading his brawny body, who is really doing that.

Only the little lady will have to learn for herself.

The pug will probably never learn.

Not that it matters.

And the honeymoon is over when the groom starts shaving in the morning

ROCK that CRADLE!

European shock troops step from boudoirs to battlefields

By PHIL ROMAN

BLESSED EVENTS have gone on a production basis. "Oh, Baby" is on the way to becoming an international anthem.

Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin are the Three Must-beget-a-kid-eers. They've yanked the beautiful business of baby bearing right out of the boudoir and made it Big Business.

Dictators should stick to politics. When they go so far as to tell Man and Wife what to do after the light's turned off, I say they are going too far.

If a husband and wife want to fall right off to sleep, it ought not to be considered a crime.

Why are Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin so eager to stimulate the marital couch? Infants for the infantry, that's what they want! Babies for bayonets! Kiddies for Cannon!

You can bet your life that if such carryings-on had occurred in my grandmother's day she would have written a scorching letter to the *Times* about it. The Dictator never lived who could have put her maternity on a quantity production schedule.

Over here we still look upon babies as the happy consequences of nights of love, thank God! Over here we do not have a government that points a finger of scorn at every female past the age of puberty who is still thin-waisted six months after the marriage ceremony.

The last time I was in Rome, Mussolini was shaking one fist at Haile Selassie and the other at the married couples who weren't Doing Anything About It. He told bachelors to their faces that they were yellow-bellied heels. I forget just what the Italian for "heel" is.

He was just as nasty to the women who didn't have babies suckling at their breasts. For instance, he told women who were

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"Stay there a week and you'll be making passes at me"

working that they should quit their jobs and go home and become, as the French say, *enceinte*. The word somehow has a bit more dignity than "pregnant."

The Dictators don't see anything incongruous, ironic, or tragic about it. They never heard that good old American song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier." They can't look far enough into the future to see millions of mothers weeping their hearts away over little formal slips of paper which say:

> "The war department regrets to announce that your son (Number 3845942-series B) has been killed in action."

What the Hell if women weep? Viva Italia! Hoch der Hitler! The State ueber Alles. What's a woman but a breeding mare? What's a man but a sire at the stud?

Herr Hitler's Minister of Agriculture, Richard Walther Darre, tells the people of Germany:

> "Certainly human dignity is not offended if animal breeding and human breeding are compared to each other."

Then he goes on to tell how the strain of livestock has been improved by a bit of judicious mating, and he concludes that if Man can produce better beef by supervising the sex life of bulls and cows, then the State can produce better—and more—soldiers by telling its people What To Do.

Hitler tells Germany that he wants love put on a "rational basis." To Hell with the silv'ry moon and June and the Inborn Urge. To Hell with the Boy and Girl who say: "After all, I'm *human*." Love in Germany has got to be "rational." As if love could ever be rational! As if love were worth a pfennig if it were rational!

Rule No. 1 in Germany, of course, is that Germans are to marry only Aryans. "Let us have more blonde babies," cries the Reichsfuehrer, who sees no incongruity in demanding a bigger birth rate while he himself remains a virgin bachelor.

One of his Ministers addresses German college girls.

"Your main task," he solemnly asserts, "is to have babies."

The Nazis look around the Reich and are horrified to find that there are 333,000 unmarried farmers. This is more than their nationalistic hearts can stand. The potential Germans that 333,000 healthy farmers could propagate if only they were provided with some cooperation are indeed something to contemplate with joy.

So the Nazis announce that they've got to have 333,000 women—must be fertile. That's how babies are born.

The argument of the Nazis is that matrimony in the Third Reich must be "for the well-being and happiness of the nation at large." One official with idealism about as high as a Peeping Tom's, has urged the

government to appoint a "Superintendent of Breeding" whose job would be to see to it that marriages were made not in Heaven but in Health Centres; that men and women be made to mate not for what they can give each other, but for what they can give the State.

There are cash bonuses to champion breeders. There are penalties for those who shirk. Just the other day the government told all its unmarried employees in Pomerania to get married before November 1 or scram.

Here and there in the picture there is a laugh. In Berlin a leading Nazi newspaper proudly and in deadly seriousness announces that to every newly-married couple it will present, free, "a full month's subscription." There's your chance, girls; as if in your first month of matrimony you'll have any time to read!

Italy's Fascism goes after laggard baby production with even greater gusto. Mussolini, dreaming of another Roman Empire that will rule the world—Ethiopia isn't so hot, but it's a beginning—has told the ladies and gentlemen to get down to business. Even the slight delay occasioned by a bit of preliminary amatory fondling seems to irk him.

Bachelors are told that if they don't get married their pay will be cut and their taxes increased. The government is so anxious to fill its cradles that Mussolini has authorized marriage by proxy for soldiers in Africa with girls back home. Just how this will speed up baby production is not quite clear, although it is quite evident that if the proxy wife should get a yen to start doing her Duty right away with some dashing Party of the Third Part, it would all come under the heading of Legitimacy.

Il Duce's crowning achievement in the matter of stepping up the cradle crop, however, is his authorization of "marriage loans." Young men can get as much as $150 from the State to finance their marriage; and the pay-off can be with the kids. Each baby knocks ten percent off the loan. Ten babies, and the debt is paid.

There is a nifty little catch in it. The first child must be born within twelve months of the date of the marriage. This doesn't

give the happy couple much time to feel each other out. There's one good thing, though: Mussolini doesn't give them a month's free subscription to his newspaper. They are free to Go Right Ahead without wasting time taking off and putting on their spectacles.

France is worried stiff about her falling birthrate. The Frenchmen don't like dictation, and most certainly they don't want any government satrap lifting up the dresses of their sex life. Frenchmen love Love. They ride Romance with their spurs dug constantly into her flanks. They sow their seed in many fields. If they do not take root, it must be not the heat but the humidity.

In 1934, births in France exceeded deaths by 43,000. A year later the shoe was on the other foot, with 19,500 more deaths than Blessed Events. One young lady took the figures so much to heart that she jumped from the gallery to the floor of the Chamber of Deputies. She wanted to call the Deputies' attention to the sharp slump in baby production. Probably each deputy felt that he already was doing everything he could about it, for on the following day the Chamber called the girl before it and gave her a scolding.

In England, where all things take place only after due and deliberate consideration, the birth rate dwindles as Nature takes its course. Lord Dawson, mulling the matter, has reached the conclusion that the rationing of the world's babies is now so seriously curtailed—what, with contraceptive jellies and ingenious gadgets—that the world must depend upon quality, not quantity.

A British physician writes a book declaring that "birth control" is a misnomer; that it is really "birth prevention."

Soviet Russia has one hundred and fifty million inhabitants (don't bother writing if I'm wrong), which ought to be enough. Yet Russia today is almost hysterical in its desire for bigger, better, and oftener confinement cases. The first Five Year Plan somehow overlooked inclusion of a paragraph urging More Babies, and the girls fell in with the slogan: "A baby a year keeps a gal on her rear."

About two years ago, though, Mr. Stalin (the man whose eye Mr. Trotzky would like to spit in) realized something should be done—that there oughtta be a law. Thereupon he magnanimously decreed that women farmers should be released from work one month before and one month after childbirth. A soft heart beats beneath that rough exterior, pards.

The birth rate fell, like Amalgamated Steel during the 1929 crash. There were forty percent more separations than marriages in Moscow during one month. So the Communists began making laws. They put an end to easy divorces. They provided premiums for large families.

They taxed childless couples. They curbed birth control. They prescribed the death penalty for abortion—and the birth rate leaped 50 per cent.

Most important, they laid a tax on divorces—a tax so heavy that it now is really much cheaper to kill one's wife than to divorce her.

This year Russian girls were offered "a room, a job, and a husband" if they would volunteer for "duty" in the far east.

I heard that an American went to Russia and tried to sell them on the idea of twin beds, and that even the thought of such a thing almost amounted to an international incident. I don't know how true it is.

In England Lady Astor, who was born in Virginia, expressed deep pity for the women of Italy and Germany who were "forced" to have children, willy nilly.

Such is the situation, gentlemen, in Europe. Here in America, Oh Blessed Land, the birth rate continues to be along the lines of personal inclination, except for occasional lapses due to carelessness.

But let us not be too confident. One of these days somebody in Washington—some stock raiser from the western plains, most likely—is apt to get a State Breeding phobia. National elections may be fought under such banners as:

"Let's all have twins—vote for McQuinz."

Wives may be adjured to "See your husband at least twice a week. See your Obstetrician at least one a year."

A man's income may be based not on his business connections but on his stamina at the stud.

It sounds intriguing, but I still say it's no way to raise an army.

I say that when things come to such a pass that the government walks right into the boudoir of matrimony and rings a start and stop bell like they do at a prize fight, then it's time to let down our hair and have a good cry.

FRANK BEAVEN

"What do you make of this, Bert?"

BINDLE-STIFF BRIGADE

By
STEWART
ROBERTSON

"THOSE ARTISTS told me I was the sure-enough holy type," said Cloudy Moses, exhibiting his noble baldness and flowing beard to the boxcar full of stiffs, "but the trouble was I had a hell of a time tryin' to make a livin' as a model. They'd never give me no work to speak of. They'd slip me a purple robe with slathers of gold on it, or a tin crown, or a nightshirt and sandals, and then they'd forget all about me, while they tried to make some floosie without enough meat on her to be any good to a real man. Artists are a lot of bums, boys, and so I got meself shipped out of Chi for one more whirl at the road. It's the only life, this railroad construction game."

The assembled floaters, boomers, bindle-stiffs, and vags nodded in profane sympathy. Nuts to them paper-collared bastards in the cities that would take a man's freedom away from him with a steady job. Nuts to salvation shouters and unionized dummies that thought they were workmen, and to sheriffs and their spawn. Nuts to everything but whisky and women, and the horizontal calisthenics inspired by their combination, for of such is the stuff of life to the stiff. Forced by company rules to be severely monastic while in camp, he endures the ordeal by harping on past binges, until, after about fifteen throat-parching days, he rambles in on the timekeeper with a triumphal, "Write her out, John Pencil, and put lots of ink on it. I got her made!"

This means that his stake has

reached proportions sufficient for further exploration in the vale of Venus. Plenty of good chow and sleep have put him as close to the pink as his sort is likely to get. His eyes are clear, his skin is tanned, and he has an unconquerable itch. Like his brother in more refined circles, whose conversation is concerned mainly with feats of concupiscence, it is to be suspected that the stiff is more than slightly deficient when it comes to actual performance. But he doesn't think so. He will be back in three or four days, bleary, nerves on the raw, and with wrinkles in his belly that only the camp menu can erase. He will go shakily to work on his gang at six the next morning, and go doggedly about the task of saving up another stake to do it all over again. That is the good old dauntless Americanism that made this country, and the regularity of his performances seems like the ballyhoo for a rabbit farm.

Whiskey built the railroads. A man who could stick to a regular job would never choose to throw track over the Rockies or build trestles in a swamp under a Louisiana sun. But the gents with Saharan thirsts find it just their dish, and so the average railroad contractors' construction camp is a clubhouse for the improvident. One gang going, one coming, one working; and the labor agencies in the nearest metropolis get fat on the fees. No union cards, although in the northwest it's wise to carry an I. W. W. red card so that brakemen won't boot you off the freights. Half the Wobbly membership is composed of men who don't care a damn about the dying organization.

There are ten-hour days, and no shirking. There are cold and heat and rain, yet the stiff has never become maudlin over his plight of being somewhere under the underdog, and it has never occurred to him that he might be a martyr. Life to him is a Bridge of Thighs, and he is a cockeyed idealist searching for the unattainable in liquor and ladies. Most of the time he even gets rather chummy with his bosses. He is a queer guy. "Another day, another dollar," he chants, as he stacks his tools at quitting time. "We were kind of held up by that rock slide today, but boy, we'll give her hell tomorrow!" And he does. Nature is his temporary sweetheart, and honor demands that she be subdued.

There was Six Weeks Jensen out in Wisconsin. Six Weeks was a good worker, adaptable and trustworthy, but after five and a half weeks of abstemiousness he would get a craving. It was time to go. Seventeen years before he had jungled up with some blowsy young Omaha trollop who had fascinated him, and every third fortnight Six Weeks

would stagger forth on the chance of finding her again. No luck. One fancy girl after another drugged him, rolled him of his money, and the company would bail Six Weeks out of the hoosegow and take him back to camp to sober up. The chance that age and other things might have wrecked his girl's facade never seemed to worry Six Weeks. All he had to do was to get her undressed, and then, as he had his initials tattooed on her stomach one night after she had passed out, recognition would be practically instantaneous.

There was Frenchy Gravel, the steam shovel watchman who spent a tenth of his time watching the boiler gauges, and the rest of it in leering lasciviously over the ads for women's underwear in Sears, Roebuck's picture book. There was Mush Head Watson, the dump foreman, who was something of a hero with the envious stiffs double-tracking the Missouri Pacific between St. Louis and K. C. Mush Head only worked until the first touch of frost, and then he hied himself to an East St. Louis bagnio where an old sweetheart, now a full-fledged madam, sheltered him free of charge through the wintry blasts, and then chased him out in the spring.

But every man west of Chicago had one vaulting ambition, and that was to meet Jenny the Switch, who tossed the torso in Seattle. When you got hold of Jenny, if the yarns were to be even slightly believed, you had something; compared to her Mae West was fit for the Vassar daisy chain. She earned her monniker by reason of her staccato left-right left-right motion aft as she tottered along on her short vamps. Jenny was loose, but lucid. The favored swain was required to turn over his entire stake, Jenny spread it pro rata over just so many days, then shipped her limp Romeo away on another job with a two-dollar bill tucked in his hatband. Built on the lines of a taxicab, she collected a hefty share of the wages from the Diablo Dam job, and when she was pointed out to me she was cantering off to her boudoir with a prospect on each arm. How can we sell America short with citizens like Jenny?

Old bags and blisters do not, however, entirely occupy the mind of the stiff—or, at least, not more than ninety percent of it. True, the kitchen flunkies and cooks, being long-stake men, generally subscribe to some rag that prints come-on descriptions (with addresses) of lonesome lads and lassies in the sticks. These are text books of meretricious understatement. Widows with a bit of insurance sugar are favored correspondents, and often an entire summer is devoted to wangling railroad fare for a visit when winter comes. Also, when boiling-up on Sundays, which means steaming their laundry in a twenty-pound lard tin, the boys compare details on carnal conquests, but many of the best minds work themselves into a palsy over booze.

Eau de cologne and milk, recently attributed to Scotland, was great stuff for high-class hallucinations when wages were high, and just after prohibition arrived almost any invention was good for a trial. Equal parts of canned heat and the juice from a can of ripe olives are a holdover from the Twitching Twenties, and are still esteemed as an aphrodisiac. Today barrel whiskey has its addicts, and there are those who come back from a bender sweating 5 and 10 store perfume for several days, while for a happy jag the modernists recommend five aspirins crushed in three fingers of lemon extract, and then a few gusty sniffs from a can of ether. They all work.

And who's to blame the stiffs for trying anything once, and that as quickly as possible. Tomorrow a dinky engine may grind off a leg; the overhanging bank of a railroad cut may rumble down without warning as the April sun thaws out the winter's frost; a man may tumble unseen into a pour of concrete, and never be found until the forms are stripped a week afterward, when he will resemble a beetle smashed against a wall. More than one bridge abutment, dam, or retaining wall has had a thoroughly stiffened stiff cut out of it. When they shovel you underground to rest in some Skeleton Park you'll be through for good, bo, and with that in mind you might just as well die from the lust of living.

Most stiffs are competent liars, and the old timers claim to have worked on so many big jobs that they would have to be one hundred years old to prove it. Nobody disputes them, for the younger listeners are adding to their own repertoire for future use. The best liars are generally found among the bullcooks, who have more time to think.

Bullcooks do no cooking. They are the camp chambermaids who sweep out the bunkhouses or cars, stack firewood for the stoves, keep a tally of the blankets, and conduct a profane feud with the kitchen staff over the proper hours for the removal of garbage. Conversational George

ERIC GODAL

was a bullcook who hinted at a mysterious birth, was alternately the bastard of Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria and Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and he laid his gift of gab to the time his mother had been scared by a California senator. This was by nature of a slur on the sunkissed state, for it is poison to all good stiffs, and they usually carry a full supply of stickers advising the boycott of everything Californian, with which they adorn bunkhouses, telegraph poles, and water towers.

George attributed his downfall to the day he had earned the vengeance of a Boston millionaire by stealing his ten-dollar princess. The plutocrat had caused finger-nail parings to be placed in George's beer, thus rendering him impotent, and constant repetition of the tale had made the old sinner so convincing that he held the bunkhouse audiences to a man. They ate it up.

There is surprisingly little battling between the stiffs. It brings dismissal and a bar against being rehired, sometimes a civil charge is pressed, always the weapons are confiscated; but chiefly it is their philosophy that makes fighting for any cause or argument seem worthless. When all are stumbling down the staircase of life, what's the percentage in tripping anyone?

When the big freeze-ups make work impossible for even the traditional brass monkey, the drift to the cities begins. At heart the stiff loathes the sour and squalid part of town that shelters him; his eagerness to be off in the spring proves that. While his money lasts he lets his abdomen sag under a table in some back room, clutches a scuttle of moosemilk, and moves more dirt and lays more track than any ten contractors. He may go pearl diving by washing the dishes in a Coffee Pot in return for his meals; he may become a Come-to-Glory Man for some mission, and act as bell-

wether when a few beery castaways decide to hit the trail. Or he may act as a go-between, like Puttynose Connors.

Puttynose had come into Denver during the cold season, and had prudently paid three months room rent in advance at his dingy hotel. Then he stepped out on Champa Street and met Delilah, only to be rolled up tighter than a new window-shade, and Puttynose was broke after less than three hours in town. The boys around the hotel promised to keep him in tobacco and Copenhagen snuff, and then Puttynose noticed a big stranger muttering something about getting a cigar.

"If you'll let me buy it for you, mister," he offered, "I can scoff all winter for nothing." He took a dime from the stranger, walked into the bar, selected a smoke from the boxes by the cashier's desk, and then tore into the free lunch with both hands. He did this errand for someone at least three times daily for over ten weeks, and shipped out to work at Las Vegas, New Mexico, looking as contented as a pig.

Camp cooks are supposed to be more than a little screwy from standing so close to the heat. Whispering Carl had four axe-handles hidden in the kitchen car, and ruled any uppish flunkies by declaring that he could lay hands on a weapon at a second's notice.

To end up by getting back, in true floater fashion, to the everlasting headache, no construction job can be too isolated for a few female scouts to try their luck. These pioneers are spotted the minute they alight from the train, and are shunted away without ceremony, as the purity of the stiff in camp must be maintained. Mostly, the gals take their rebuffs in good part, delivering a salestalk to the office staff, and distributing a few cards. "Eighteen inches round the calf," ran one slogan. "Come up and see the rest."

But one afternoon in Tennessee there appeared a chunky damsel with a face like white putty except where it was caked with rouge. Her henna rinse was streaky, her pudgy hands were glinting with cheap rings, her jutting hips made one expect a strip tease at any moment. A stupefying whiff of Seven Sins perfume reached the nearest gang of stiffs who were gandy dancing —tamping ballast by hopping on the shoulder of a shovel—and they gave her the eye as one man. Then up rushed the outraged timekeeper.

"Take a powder," he said angrily. "None of you Memphis tarts are allowed around this camp."

"Why, you low-hung son of a lop-eared louse!" screamed the damsel in a gin soprano, and that is being charitable. "Whatsamatter you don't know a lady when you see one? I'm the superintendent's wife!"

She was, too.

There's

Magic in Women

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

OF COURSE, we all know it. A female human animal flashes on you a glowingly concupiscent eye, and before you know what has happened to you, you are obligated to keeping her in eats, clothes, roof-cover, diamond-necklaces, and/or alimony for the rest of your life. Alternatively, you can face an action for heart-balm—which would be preposterous if you brought it, but is likely to be expensive when you are the defendant. If you have relieved her of innocence, which—if she is ordinarily lucky—she will get rid of anyway with someone, it will be even more expensive.

We still have a haunting belief in the special sacredness of female chastity. Man has no such sacredness, virgin or not; he is merely the poor guy who pays and humbles himself as a matter of social custom and of age-old habit. It is all but compulsory to remove the male headgear when a woman steps into the elevator. The man who does not resign his seat to a woman in a crowded subway car feels that he is a cad—although he may be half-dead with fatigue. Even in a stand-up row with his wife, a man rarely dares to say the ultimate home-truths to her—although she, of course, is entitled to say all the things she can invent. There is, in fact—even though the female of the species has become, industrially and professionally, a cut-rate competitor with man—a mystic awesomeness about a woman.

I said mystic. Intellectually, most women are a loquacious bad joke. Physically, few are good to look at in the nude; usually their coy

divestment is the revelation of a confidence trick. But the awesomeness persists. Every man has felt it paralyzingly when he was an adolescent. He feels it more or less all his life. Whatever it costs him—even his chance of safety in a shipwreck—women have to be treated with a respect due to their sex alone.

Why? Sheer atavism, my friend. Our contemporary civilization of skyscrapers and airplanes to bomb them, is the creation of man's cunning hands—not of his soul. I cannot satisfactorily define "soul," but you know perfectly well what I mean. His soul, that psychic motivation which is nine-tenths unconscious or subconscious as you prefer, remains unimprovedly paleolithic in the vast majority of us. Any psychiatrist can elaborately demonstrate the fact. And, to primitive man, woman —any woman—was a vehicle of intensely dangerous magic. He was in acute dread of her occult potentialities.

Consider. For tens of thousands of uncomfortable years, primitive man saw woman producing vital phenomena that he could not begin to understand. Most things around him were, of course, mysteries that his rudimentary intelligence could never satisfactorily analyze and explain. The woman with whom he more or less temporarily co-habited—doubtless, as Adam allegedly said, "the woman tempted him"—for the satisfaction of a periodic carnal impulse, without any realization of its nine-months-later consequence, was the greatest mystery of all. Of one thing, he was perfectly certain. Blood is the life. When a man bled, he quite frequently died—always, if he bled enough. But, periodically—perhaps primitively at full moon; in many savage languages the moon is still called "Lord of the Women"—a woman bled frighteningly, *and she didn't die.* She therefore had a life-force much more potent than his, of which in some way that blood was the outward sign. At such periods, therefore, she was quite particularly full of magic and not to be touched. She was, in the language of the anthropologists, *tabu*—and *tabu* means mortally dangerous, sacred, or "unclean," as the Scriptures have it. Also, mysteriously, her abdomen would swell gradually even as the mysterious moon swelled in the sky. Surely there was a connection between the two phenomena! Then, equally mysteriously, water would gush forth from her—to this day, people are baptized with water for religious rebirth—and amid water and blood, quite inexplicably, a child would be born. The paleolithic male often had his abdomen swell up, when he had killed a mammoth, or a whale had been driven ashore, but never did he bring forth a child. Only the mysterious female could bring forth children. Neither he

ELWIN HENRI

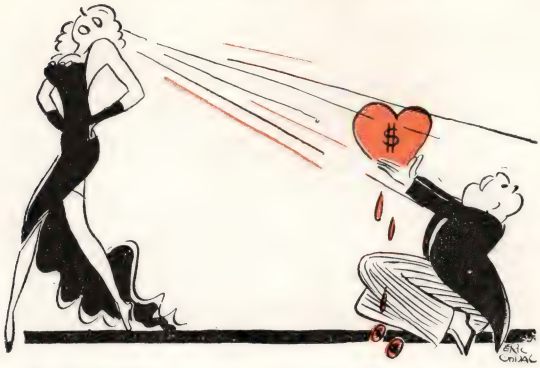
"A little higher, Madame. I fear I would besmirch the hem of your garment"

nor she ever imagined that he had anything to do with it—even as Australian aborigines today attribute human fecundity to the woman accidentally stepping over a spirit-inhabited stone or stream or passing too close to some similarly inhabited tree, and giving the spirit a chance to snap into her.

Primitively, then, woman was the sole life-giver, possessed of a magic no man could attain. She was therefore always potentially dangerous, like a highly-charged electric cable. One could not be too careful in dealing with her. In many savage tribes today, no man will ever eat in the presence of a woman. Some of her magic might jump down his open mouth, with who knows what dire results. Most savage tribes forbid a man to approach a woman immediately before going hunting or to war—not for the reasons a coach gives his trainees, but because in that intimate contact he might lose some of his masculine characteristics of physical agility and courage, and acquire a feminine timidity and muscular weakness. Also, following the climax of intimacy, the male collapses into a "little death," undoubtedly the result of too close contact with feminine magic, which symbolically might facilitate a real death in the moment of peril. Innumerable are the *tabus* regulating the relationships of men and women in primitive societies, and all of them are based on the superstitious dread of the magic with which women are, to them unquestionably, charged.

If today women must cover their heads in Christian churches it is because St. Paul shared that ancient superstition—"because of the devils in their hair," as the Authorized Version phrases it. Throughout the ages that belief in the diabolic dynamism inherent in woman has persisted. It is the witch, not the wizard, who is popularly feared. The wizard is merely the "wise man" who has learned the technique of effective spell-casting. In his more important operations a woman is essential—even as Madame de Montespan lent her naked body as altar-table for the Black Mass which should enchain the affections of Louis XIV. Virgins were, and are, of course charged with specially intense sanctity. The virtue is all pent up in them and may do considerable harm to the man who breaks the barrier. Savage man has to be very careful in marrying one of them. In a great many primitive communities, he prefers not to take the risk. Before himself co-habiting with his wife, he calls in a professional deflowerer—the medicine-man, or the chief, believed to be at least quasi-divine. The much publicized *jus primae noctis,* allegedly one of the causes of the French Revolution, derives from that primitive fear. The right of the feudal lord to possess a bride on the first night was orginally not a seigneurial tyranny, arbitrarily gratifying the aristocrat's brutal lusts. The lord, occupying the position of the savage chieftain who by his own innate sanctity was to some extent immune to the woman's magic, was merely making her safe for ordinary men—doing his communal job, in fact. The horseshoes, "for luck," nailed to doorways all over Europe, are a survival of a period thousands of years before any horseshoes existed, and express the same belief, now not consciously remembered, in occult feminine potency. In their original form—a female *pudendum*—they can still be seen realistically carved over the portals of certain churches in Scandinavia, as undoubtedly they were carved over the portals of temples long before Christianity was thought of. As one enters, one symbolically goes back into the mother's womb, and comes out again reborn.

In the primitive absence of even the idea of paternity, the family of course belonged to the woman, the sole parent. She built the hut which sheltered it and her. The man was only a visitor, bringing home the spoils of the chase as payment for the privilege of sleeping with her—"even as you and I." As communities began to organize themselves, perhaps all of them—although anthropologists dispute—were matriarchates where the woman, awesomely more or less the vehicle of divine force, ruled. Certainly, all religions begin with a Mother Goddess, Bona



Dea, Demeter, Isis, or other feminine divinity (even today the Pope and all priests of the Catholic Church wear quasi-feminine garb) which gradually passed into the linked principle of chieftainship and of royalty. The "divinity which doth hedge a king" was primitively a very real divinity, of which originally not the king, but the queen, was the incarnation.

As masculine rule became necessary in a yet more organized world of mutually bellicose states, that masculine rule was justified by marriage with a woman of the sacredly royal blood. In the case of the Egyptian Pharaohs, for thousands of years, the justification was ensured by the Pharaoh compulsorily marrying his sister; thus keeping the divine principle in the family. In medieval and even in modern times, no usurper really felt that his dynasty was permanent until he had married a woman of royal blood, as Napoleon married Marie-Louise. It is possible that all the now vanishing royalties of Europe could trace their lineage back—through the female line—to what Professor Perry calls "The Children of the Sun," a sacredly privileged upper race who, thousands of years ago, could boast of possessing the blood of the original chieftainess who incarnated the Mother Goddess, and who therefore were automatically and exclusively qualified for chieftaincy in any country. Possibly, Edward VIII lost his throne because Mrs. Simpson was so glaringly not of that sacred descent, and the English mass-mind obscurely resented the flagrant departure from age-old principle. Queen Elizabeth is after all of an ancient aristocratic family, and old aristocracy vaguely implies a chieftainship in the past.

Do you know why gold was—and still is—*the* sacred metal? The reason is one the economists never touch upon. Decades of thousands of years ago, primitive man was struck by the astonishing resemblance of the cowrie-shell to the female *pudendum.*

Therefore, in his savage logic, it undoubtedly contained the essential female principle—and could confer some of it on its possessor. Clearly, therefore, it could reinforce the divine principle in every chieftainess or chieftain. Naturally, the chieftainesses and chieftains wanted as much reinforcement as possible. Cowrie-shells became intensely valuable objects—they are still used as money in Africa, and elsewhere. In ancient times, they were found mostly on the African shore of the Indian Ocean. Ages ago, a regular trade sprang up which carried those Indian Ocean cowries as far as the Baltic. Every chieftain had to have them. The trade-route was across the Nubian desert, and thence down the Nile. Professors Elliott Smith and Perry assert that long ago the Nubian desert was strewn with lumps of then valueless alluvial gold. It would seem that the ingenious inhabitants of that region shaped lumps of that soft gold into the similitude of the sacred cowries the traders carried, and bartered them. The shape was right, and that was the main thing. The earliest examples of wrought gold to be found anywhere in the world are gold cowrie-shells preserved in very early pre-dynastic tombs in Egypt.

Gradually, the principle of sanctity was transferred from the shape to the metal itself. It was shining yellow, like the sun —already the supreme divinity in Egypt. Possession of it, in any form, plainly reinforced the divinity of the Egyptian rulers. Therefore, through all the Egyptian dynasties, there was a great search for gold, to be heaped up as a sacred power-giving treasure reserved for the divine Pharaoh. The idea spread, as fashions spread now, over the Mediterranean, and north and east of it. Every chieftain and king wanted some of this potency-giving metal, wanted as big a hoard as possible. But not until about the eighth century B.C. did the Kings of Lydia in Asia Minor have the idea of shaping the sacred metal into coins, and using them as currency. Incidentally, they precipitated a financial and social crisis in the Mediterranean comparable only to the recent depression.

Gold today is something very few of us ever see as coinage. Industrially, it is virtually a useless metal, valuable only for dental plates and wedding-rings.

Its value always did derive from superstition. But few of the few who omnipotently manipulate its effect in the markets of the world know that the original superstition was in the magic potency of a female organ of generation. Eternally, indeed, there is magic in woman—but now it is largely utilized to extract the paper symbols of gold from our wallets, and to make us commit the whole host of delightful follies that our old age will tenderly smile at.

By B. JONES

STAG-PARTY SABBATICAL

It was a lousy job. I was down to two meals a day. But no one could have called me sex-starved. In the past six weeks, I had seen more naked women than the gilded pier glass in an old time bordello. I had learned that lust thrives on a balanced diet and dies of acute indigestion when seated at a diurnal banquet table.

And it was for this that the old man had insisted I take piano lessons. The net result of monotonous hours of practice in the melancholy parlor was that I received five bucks every time I played one of Sam Fein's stag shows.

Sam had the names of about forty girls in his files and a tie-up with a distributor of pornographic films. The precise amount of sex that a client of Sam's had thrown at him was in direct ratio to the amount he was willing to pay.

I was sitting in the office on the morning that Bragdon called up. Sam was out somewhere, exercising his talents in the promotion of a breakfast dollar. Bragdon was an old client of his and it was with a feeling of relief that I heard him say over the wire:

"Joe? Tell Sam there's a job for him. It don't pay much but it's cake money. Fifty bucks. They want four broads. Never mind the pix. Be there at eight."

He gave me the address and hung up.

Sam came back with sixty cents and I gave him the good news. Over my violent protest, he promptly postponed breakfast. Fifty bucks to Sam was at least seventy-five in those days.

"Four broads," he said as he thumbed through the filing box. "Now let's see. We'll give 'em Margie for the songs. The Senton kids for the blow-off. Now who can we use for a good straight strip?"

MIKE BERRY

"I thought you said this was an all-expense trip"

"The red-head," I said. "The one from Easton. She bumped 'em off their seats at Redmen's Hall."

"Okay," said Sam. "Call 'em up, will ya. Then we'll eat."

I called them up, told them to be at the office not later than six. I hung up with a sense of well-being. Now I could tell the landlady to go to hell for another week.

Sam and I went out for breakfast.

Sam was giving them the cheapest thing we had. I'd seen it so often that it had the same rousing effect on my glands as stereopticon views. We'd start off with the red-head, who'd do a straight burlesque strip, save where Minsky stops with the g-string, the red-head would go on a step from there.

She'd fling the string out into the audience and go into her bump routine with all the subtlety of a bass drum. Bumps by the way is the trade name for back and forth torso tossing. Anyway, to me it was like looking at the pictures in a medical book.

Next they'd get Margie singing songs that would make Eddie Davis's lyric writer consider himself as abstruse as Gertrude Stein. Margie was tall, brunette, and absolutely gorgeous. She had big gray eyes and a child's face. These attributes combine to give her a virginal expression which fooled even Sam Fein.

A friend of his had sent her in for a job. She claimed that she could sing. Sam, looking her over, began to wonder if this sweet-looking kid realized what she was in for. He decided to find out at once. He thrust a sheet of paper into her hands. Upon it were written lyrics which rimed one four-letter word with another four-letter word.

"Here," he said. "You think you can sing those?"

Margie read them—slowly. No blush crawled into her perfect complexion.

"Why sure," she said. "Sure, I can sing them. Why not?"

Sam breathed a sigh of relief.

"All right," he said. "You'll sing 'em stripped, of course. Except maybe for a garter belt and stockings. You'll get ten bucks a throw."

Margie regarded him like a man who has examined the teeth of a gift horse and found them sound.

"You mean that's all I have to do?"

"That's all."

"Geez," said Margie, still incredulous at this bonanza dropped into her lap. "How long has this been goin' on?"

That was Margie, dumb as a mute; but with a body as articulate as hers, I don't suppose it mattered.

Well, after the red-head they'd get Margie. Margie, with her shapely legs encased in black gleaming silk, her full breasts

proudly unconcerned with their nakedness; Margie, singing a plaintive little number about a maiden who had been given something more than love and two dollars by a sailor.

Oddly enough she didn't have a bad voice. Though nobody noticed that as she stood there with her hand delicately placed between her white nudity and a goggle-eyed audience.

After Margie came what Sam termed the blow-off. That was the Senton kids. Perhaps there was an iota of artistry in the red-head's bumps; perhaps there was a certain charm in Margie's beauty that blatant vulgarity could not entirely extinguish, but the Senton kids' stuff was straight *Rue de Blondel.*

While I hammered out anything that came into my head, the taller Senton kid, clad in a man's dress suit, made a pass in pantomime at the other one. It invariably turned out to be a very successful pass, too.

After a series of less than delicate maneuvers, the curtain came down and the clubmen of the audience promptly beat

their hands off down to their elbows or came swarming over the footlights.

The first time I ever played for Sam, I admit it was all aphrodisiac enough, but after six weeks of it my idea of an orgy was a good book and an open fire.

The Senton kids never got downtown until almost seven that night. We piled into Sam's car and headed for Brooklyn. It was close to eight when we arrived.

Some old guy met us at the door and told us where the dressing room was. We went up while Sam stayed and talked to him. Upstairs, I took a slug of gin from a pint I'd brought along, while the girls plastered on their make-up.

A couple of minutes later Sam burst in the door. Stark horror was written on his face.

"Bragdon," he gasped. "The comical son-of-an-ape. The low-life. The—"

He spluttered off into incoherence. I took another slug of gin. "What's eating you?" I asked.

"Bragdon," he said again. "It's a gag, Jonesy. *This here's a benefit for the Lutheran Church!* What the hell are we going to do?"

I got up, felt funny in my stomach. "That's easy," I said. "We're going back to town."

"But the fifty bucks," said Sam, and there was anguish in his tone. "That part of it's on

the level. We won't get the dough if we lam. I ain't even got enough gas to get back."

"If you put on the show," I told him, "you won't need it. They'll have enough gas in the wagon."

"Listen," said Sam desperately. "We're all broke, ain't we? You got no dough. I got no dough. The kids ain't got no dough. Why can't we give 'em something clean and collect anyways?"

"All right," I said. "I'm straight man. Why can't we?"

"Listen," said Sam again, and sweat was running down his fat face. "Margie's got a nice voice. Do you know any hymns, Margie. Anything like that?"

Margie blinked at him as her brain grappled with this problem.

"Why yes," she said slowly. "I know *The Rosary*. I used to sing it at home. And I know a nice classical piece called *Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes.*"

"There," said Sam. "Joe, you can play something nice like Victor Herbert, huh? The Senton kids can do a waltz clog or something. You can do it, can't you, kids?"

The kids conceded that they could.

"All right," said Sam. "There it is, and we get the fifty. What's wrong with it?"

"Listen, Sam," I said. "Even Lutherans won't go for fifty bucks for that. It'll be God-awful."

Sam looked doubtful. "You," he said to the red-head. "Can't you do something clean?"

The red-head considered this for a moment. Then she made a pretty compromise to respectability.

"I could do bumps with my clothes on," she suggested.

There was a knock at the door, and the old guy who had met us at the door walked in.

"We're almost ready, Mr. Fein," he said. "The ballet of the children's dancing class is almost over. I may as well give you this now. I can cash it for you later, if you like."

He handed Sam a check and walked out. Sam stared at the check and breathed deeply.

"There, Joe," he said. "We gotta do it now. You take it first. Give 'em a couple of numbers. Then the kids. Then Margie'll sing. Red's out."

The red-head rose, bristling "Listen, you mugg," she said. "Don't think you ain't paying me. I was told to come over here and I come. I'm entitled to my dough."

Sam was so panicky he didn't argue. It was the only time I ever saw him part with money silently.

"I still don't like it," I said. "But what the hell."

I took another slug of gin and lit a cigarette. I started for the stage. Sam panted after me.

"For God's sake, Joe. Don't play with a butt in your mouth. Kill it."

I killed it and stood in the wings as half a dozen kids in cheesecloth trotted off to terrific applause. They took three bows while I took heart. Apparently you could panic the Lutherans with anything. Maybe we'd get away with it.

I took a last slug and walked out to the piano. I looked out over the foots to see a couple of hundred people, most of them middle-aged, well-fed guys with their wives. I took a deep breath and decided to go artistic.

I galloped into the Black Key *Etude* of Chopin's. I wanted to see if I could still play it. It developed that I could. I got a nice hand on that. Then I played everything of Victor Herbert's that I remembered at the moment.

They ate it up. I gave them a dignified bow and walked off into the wings. So far things were all right. But I wasn't completely at ease. I had more faith in myself than in the Senton kids or Margie.

I played the *Suwannee River* for the kids. They did a soft-shoe that broke my heart. It was terrible. It occurred to me as I watched them that the tall kid looked much better with her clothes off. Much.

They finished the number only about eight seconds apart. But it was all right with the mob out front. As the kids finished they stood there uncertainly. It was obvious that they were nervous.

Give them their old couch routine with a hundred panting muggs out front and they were self-possessed old troupers, but now, with the applause ringing in their ears for the lousiest soft-shoe since the Cherry Sisters, they were scared to death. They looked at me helplessly.

"Encore," I asided. "Do it over again."

I was scared to try them with anything else. We swam through the *Suwannee River* for the second time. This time they almost finished together. Then they ran like frightened schoolgirls off stage. The applause was deafening.

I ducked into the wings for another drink. Margie was standing there. She grabbed my hand.

"Geez, Joe," she said. "I'm scared. My mouth's all dry."

"They're pushovers," I told her. "They'll go for anything. Just pretend you're singing that sailor number for the plumbers' local."

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Well, you said you wanted something different this time"

"Geez," she whispered. "It'll seem awful funny singing with a brassiere on."

Which was a nice note for our entrance.

As soon as I got on, I gathered that Sam had contributed his bit to the evening. He'd been playing electrician and had gone very Belasco. He'd killed the foots entirely and got a white baby spot shining down from the center of the borders. He pulled the borders down altogether.

Margie stood beneath that single shaft of light and looked like an advertisement for Heaven. Sam's trick lighting had thrown a halo around her face. It even got me as I stared at her.

She twisted her fingers together nervously. I knew she was scared to death. I planked out the introduction of *The Rosary*. Margie took a deep breath and went into it.

As I've said, she didn't have a bad voice. It was a bit thin, but possessed of a sweet plaintive quality if she laid off the low notes. When she finished the first verse there was a dead silence in the house. I knew she was holding them. I accompanied her automatically, keeping my eyes on her. The gin was working well now and I had a pleasant buzzing in my head.

Then suddenly it got me. Don't ask me why. But I felt a crazy choked-up sensation in my throat. It was the same sort of thing you experience at a lousy movie. You know the noble gesture of the hero is pure hokum. Yet it gets you for a second. Then your brain tells you what a sentimental fool you are.

That's how I felt then. I knew I was an idiot. I knew that white-faced ethereal figure standing there was, fundamentally, a vicious bitch. I *knew* it. But I felt a damned sight differently.

Then she hit the last note. Her voice died away and there was dead silence in the house. That was the tip-off. When they're being polite they applaud at once. When they're really moved, it takes a minute for them to recover.

Margie turned and stared at 'em dumbly. There was misery in her eyes. She was certain she had laid an egg. Then came the accolade. Its volume had never been exceeded by the applause of the gaping boys who listened to her sing of sex.

It thundered about her—the truest tribute she had ever had. She looked around for a moment. Then she bowed jerkily and ran for the wings. I sneaked off unnoticed.

Margie stood by the proscenium and stared at me with wide eyes.

"Joe," she said in an awed tone. "They liked me. I panicked them and I never took off a damned stitch."

It was a long ride home. The red-head sat smug and beaming in the knowledge that she'd collected ten bucks for nothing. The Senton kids engaged in

violent and obscene argument as to which one of them was the lousiest dancer. Sam gurgled quietly in triumph. After all, it was a joke on Bragdon.

Margie sat with her arm linked through mine. Her eyes were wide open and a frown wrinkled her brow. I knew that some tremendous mental labor was being performed by the defective cogs of her brain.

"Joe," she said as we pulled out of Williamsburg. "I was scared to death."

"Why?" I asked her. "Why should you be more nervous singing a ballad for the Lutherans than giving the works for the old Grand Street Boys."

"I dunno," she said. "But somehow I didn't feel right, Joe. I felt lousy, sort of uncomfortable. I still feel that way."

She shuddered a little and snuggled up to me.

"Well," I said erudite as hell, "you were a little out of your element. That's all. You were in an unnatural environment. You were doing something unnatural for you to do."

"Well," she said. "All I know is that the damned thing's given me the jitters. Joe, I want to get drunk. Stinking drunk, and give a dollar to the priest—but, I want to get drunk first."

BOOKS FOR MEN

THE PRETENDER. *By Lion Feuchtwanger.* If you like your history dished up with a lot of fanciful and exciting fiction, you'll like *The Pretender,* by the admirable author of *Power* and *Jew Suss.*

The Pretender deals with the crumbling empire of the Caesars, beginning shortly after the death of Nero. Although Nero had been cordially hated by the Romans, his easy-going rule had made him vastly popular in the eastern colonies. When his successor, Titus, took the throne and proceeded to burden the colonies with heavy taxes, the people began to think of revolt.

A bright Roman official named Varro took advantage of the situation and worked out a plot to bring him to power. He found a double for Nero, a workman named Terence, and convinced the people that he was indeed the dead emperor. The plan worked well—but the conspirators had not reckoned with the lack of intelligence of their puppet. Terence made one mistake after another, until the whole scheme collapsed of its own weight.

The Pretender cannot be regarded as authentic history, although Terence is mentioned by various historians. But the background is glittering and vivid, the plot exciting, and well worth reading.

Mr. Feuchtwanger, in his last chaper, indulges in a few obvious parables about the Nazi regime in Germany, from which he is an exile. We don't think Mr. Hitler would approve. *Viking Press. $2.50.*

THE OUTWARD ROOM. *By Millen Brand.* A curiously disturbing book is this first novel by an author whose work is highly praised by Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and Fannie Hurst, as well as his flag-waving publishers, Messrs. Simon & Schuster.

The story is simple enough. It tells of a mildly loony woman who escapes from an insane asylum, beats her way to New York to face her problem in her own way. She meets a man, lives with him, loses her introspection, and is cured of her brooding fits by taking his problems to herself.

But *The Outward Room* is far more complex than the story would indicate. Author Brand explores the woman's mind with an almost embarrassing fixity of purpose. As *Harriet Demuth* struggles to regain her sanity, the reader virtually lives her life, thinks her thoughts, explores her brain-cells along with the author. We found ourself squirming a bit resentfully.

Mr. Brand has obviously done a lot of research in neurasthenic subjects; his descriptions of asylum life make one wonder why *Harriet* wasn't crazier than she was. When she finally escapes, the book takes on a stirring sense of excitement and denotes really good writing.

John, the mechanic who befriends the helpless *Harriet,* is an admirably drawn character, as are all the others in the book. We recommend *The Outward Room* to the male reader who doesn't mind an emotional jolt. *Simon & Schuster. $1.25.*

By TOM DeVANE

MARIA THERESA. *By Constance Lily Morris.* Biography addicts will rate this study of the memorable Hapsburg queen as one of the most distinguished of the year. This reader, whose historical knowledge is nothing to wave hankies about, recommends *Maria Theresa* as a highly readable book—and he can give no greater praise. A low bow to author Morris, who dwells upon the human aspects of her fascinating subject, rather than stuffing the reader with superfluous historical fact.

The book is subtitled *The Last Conservative*—because the Hapsburgs have always felt that they were rulers because a divine providence made it so. (Even the present, and exiled, generation seems to feel something of the sort; young *Otto* and his mother, the *Empress Zita,* still regard him as heir to the throne.)

But *Maria Theresa's* ascent to the throne of Austria, and her skill in ruling a nation as well as a family of sixteen problem children (one of whom was the romanticized Marie Antoinette) was probably not so much due to a divine power as to her astuteness and ability to seize opportunities. And unlike many women monarchs, Maria Theresa remained first and foremost a woman, with a woman's mind, a woman's capacity for intrigue and intuition.

The famous and lengthy struggle between the Austrian queen and her enemy, *Frederick the Great* of Prussia, is well delineated in this book. *Maria Theresa* felt that the worst fate that could befall Austria would be to have her country fall into Prussian hands—and that has remained part of the national consciousness ever since. *Knopf. $3.50.*

THE TREE FALLS SOUTH. *By Wellington Roe.* Most of us are only dimly aware of the havoc caused in a large section of the middle-west by both drought and dust storms. We've heard vaguely of what the press calls the "Dust Bowl," and we know that it's a national problem of importance—but its true significance is revealed in rather terrifying fashion by Mr. Roe in his topical and highly praiseworthy novel.

The author takes us to Kansas and shows just what happens to one representative group of farmers who are faced with poverty and degradation through no fault of their own. Chief of the group is one *Adam Potter. Adam* is a good substantial citizen until he finds that he can expect no help—he doesn't want relief—from the local authorities when crops are made impossible by the dust storms. He and his fellow farmers are pushed about and threatened until finally, in desperation, they rise in revolt against those who have been exploiting them. The tragic and melodramatic climax is to be expected—but one feels that in spite of apparent defeat, the farmers have won after all.

The background of Mr. Roe's book is impressive. One almost feels the unbearable Kansas heat, sees the scorched fields, the dying cattle—and can understand the helpless rage of the protagonists.

The Tree Falls South is a distinguished effort. *G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.*

PEOPLE ON THE EARTH. *By Edwin Corle.* Don't let the Indian jacket fool you; *People on the Earth,* while it's about Indians named *Red Wind* and *Big Talker* and *Quiet Woman,* is one of the most readable books we've come upon in ages. Mr. Corle is a distinguished writer, and should have a wide audience for his future novels.

The story is simplicity itself. When the flu epidemic hits New Mexico in 1918, it carries off the helpless Navajos like so many flies. A kindly missionary saves a small boy named *Red Wing's Son,* after his whole family has died, and puts him into a reservation school. The Indian boy's name is changed to *Walter Stratton;* he grows up, goes to Sherman Indian Institute in Riverside, California.

The lad's real struggle begins after he leaves school. He is neither Indian nor

white, and finds it hard to fit in anywhere. His own Navajos will not accept him until he follows "the beautiful path" of their own gods, and he feels (and for good reason) that there is no place for him in the white man's world. In the end (and to the reader's relief) he reverts to type, together with *Dahiba,* his childhood sweetheart.

Mr. Corle knows his New Mexico; his descriptions of the beauty of the plateau country are well nigh perfect. And his sympathy, his wide understanding of Indian psychology, make *People on the Earth* a highly recommended book. *Random House. $2.00.*

MOUNTAIN MEN. *By Stanley Vestal.* Here's a red-blooded, rough-and-tumble book that should please all lovers of authentic adventure—for it's all about those hardy "mountain men," those adventurous pioneer trappers who flourished in the early days of the nineteenth century. They were real pioneers, going into the west after Lewis and Clarke had made their first explorations.

Mr. Vestal had hundreds of volumes from which to get his material; but being a conscientious writer, has apparently added many hitherto unknown anecdotes and reminiscences to complete a vivid and dramatic picture of those exciting times. He gives case histories of a score or more of typical trappers, and they're good reading.

The typical "mountain man," according to the author, was a pretty lucky individual, if one discounts the necessary hardships, as did the trappers themselves. Of course, the Indians of the time looked upon white trappers as splendid prey for their never-ending game of war, which they played as today's business man plays golf and tennis. But the trapper, if he survived at first, soon learned to hold his own against his brown-skinned brother. His trapping, and subsequent bargaining with the Indians, made him a pretty shrewd customer, and sooner or later he was accepted by one tribe or another.

When the "mountain man" chose a wife, he had the cream of the crop, for Indian girls considered a white husband an important adjunct to greater social position. The average male reader will find Mr. Vestal's book immensely entertaining, and more than a little exciting. *Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.*

GENTLEMAN OVERBOARD. *By Herbert Clyde Lewis.* One memorable afternoon this observer almost got himself drowned in a particularly treacherous Pacific undertow. It wasn't an enjoyable experience, and he was scared as the devil—but it taught him to sneer knowingly at those misguided souls who hold to the belief, culled from God knows where, that one's whole life passes in detailed review before one's eyes during the course of drowning. That's a lot of cod liver oil. All we could think of was not our many past sins, but how to get out of the undertow with as little delay as possible.

Which has little to do with *Gentleman Overboard* except that the predicament *Henry Preston Standish* found himself in was similar to ours. He discovered himself in the midst of the Pacific, having slipped on a grease spot on the deck of the freighter *Arabella,* which sailed off and left him to his fate. And he discovered, as we did, that his whole life did not flash before him as he faced death by drowning. He was even a bit annoyed because it didn't, as the *Arabella* dipped beyond the horizon.

It wouldn't be fair to the book to tell what happens from this point. You'd better find out for yourself. And you will—if you're tired of getting cramps in your wrists from trying to read books that weigh five pounds and over (*Gentleman Overboard* is a handsome lightweight volume)—and if, in addition, you relish the thought that superbly satisfying books can be written in "novella" (short novel) form. *Viking Press. $1.50.*

ERIC GODAL

"Beg pardon, sir, but last night's young lady is still admiring the etchings"

THE DANCE GOES ON. *By Louis Golding.* We've been waiting patiently for Louis Golding to write another *Magnolia Street,* which we've always considered one of the superior modern novels. But after reading his new book, we're beginning to wonder if it's wise to wait any longer.

Not that *The Dance Goes On* isn't a highly readable book—it is. But it's fluffy stuff compared to Mr. Golding's earlier work.

Mironova, the heroine, was trained for the ballet from infancy, after her mother, a dancer herself, had died and entrusted her to *Borodin,* dancing master of the Imperial Ballet. Under his rigorous training, she developed into the greatest ballerina of all—the bright star of the Maryinski Theater. But even *Borodin,* who frowned on romance, could not prevent her from falling in love with *Ivan Krilenko,* the surgeon who saved her brother's life.

The Revolution affected *Mironova* little, even when the Reds threw her into prison. She knew nothing of politics, in spite of the firm conviction of the ruling party that she was a power in Russian affairs. She knew, of course, that her lover *Khilenko* had become a leader of the new movement—but by this time she had been convinced that the ballet came before love. But love was responsible for her escape across the border, where her faithful admirer, *Prince Reginsky,* was waiting for her.

The Dance Goes On will undoubtedly be widely read—but please, Mr. Golding, don't forget that you're the fine artist who once wrote a book called *Magnolia Street. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

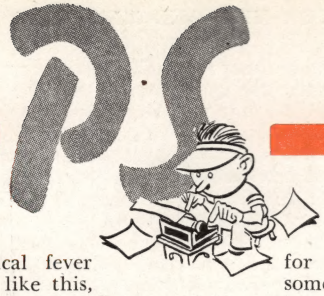
THE PATTERN. *By Mignon G. Eberhart.* No need to tell you mystery-story addicts about the novels of Miss Eberhart—you've probably discovered her long before this. And *The Pattern* undoubtedly ranks with her best efforts. We recommend it as the best of the month's flock of who-dun-its.

There's swell atmosphere in this new book, and a beautifully planned group of murders that will tax your ingenuity to the utmost. Who could have killed beautiful *Celia Cable?* Of course, a lot of people thought that *Celia* was one person who would be greatly improved by death—but in the well-bred, polite summer colony surrounding Tredinick Island, it was hard to believe that anyone would stoop to actual violence. Especially *Nan Bayne,* who had long been in love with *Celia's* husband, *Jerome.* But when *Nan* admitted to the sheriff that she had bumped into the canoe that carried *Celia's* body, the w.k. finger of suspicion inexorably began to point at her.

Miss Eberhart is a masterly writer, and all her skill comes into full play in her new mystery. You'll like it. *Doubleday Doran. $2.*

THE BORGIA BLADE. *By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Appleton-Century. $2.*

Miss Ryerson and Mr. Clements have stopped their Hollywood labors long enough to dish out a hard-boiled yarn about the murder of an art collector, and how *Q. Silver,* an international crook, has to pretend to be a detective in order to save his own skin. *Joe Lynch, Q's* accomplice, tells the story in his own words—and they're plenty tough words.



IT ISN'T really tropical fever that has us feeling like this, or even delirium tremens. It's just that several people—who have no reason at all to lie to us—told us that they've actually read some of the articles in our last few issues a second time. They liked them that much. And here we've been thinking all along that the only things that were read more than once were books like "David Copperfield" and "Lady Chatterly's Lover."

Of course, it may be that our friends are only rats in disguise, and that their chief reason for re-reading the stuff in FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY! is to try to trip us up by uncovering some errors in fact. We are, incidentally, quite proud of our record to date, and if we happened to be the gambling type we might even offer a nominal sum (of, say, three or four cents) to any reader who catches us in an erroneous statement.

This emphasis on accuracy isn't too hard on us, as most of our authors are pretty thorough about doing research on their topics. Bob Considine, of course, follows all the sports he writes about almost every minute that he's not busy eating or sleeping, Clarke Robinson keeps a critical eye on the races (and doesn't believe in systems), and Hilton Smyth, who is writing his amatory autobiography for us in easy stages, spends just about all his time doing research.

About the only author represented in this issue who admits that he hasn't done any actual research on his article is Roman Slobodin, who contributed "Suicide for Beginners." Mr. Slobodin has never really committed suicide himself, but it's a sort of hobby with him to collect the novel approaches of experts in the field.

James Thurber, who has been letting his mind and psychologists alone for some months now, is somewhere in Europe doing field work on foreign translations of our own Wild-West stories—a pastime which seems to fascinate him. Between installments, he'll probably amuse himself by indulging in his favorite hobby—shying stones at milk and beer bottles at a distance of thirty paces or so. He's become quite proficient at the sport, through years of constant practice. It helps him, too, in letting his mind alone.

Mr. Thurber plans to skip all over the face of Europe during the next year, thus following the inclinations of most of our other contributors—who are usually on the move. . . . J. P. McEvoy, as this is being written, is somewhere between Moscow and Japan. . . . Lyon Mearson has just returned from one of his customary European jaunts. . . . Leonard Hall is spouting about the wonders (and women) of New Mexico, as noted at first hand on a recent visit. . . . Bob Considine keeps hopping around the country with baseball teams. . . . Georges Surdez is liable to turn up on almost any continent at almost any time . . . and Louis Sobol is currently shuttling back and forth from the theatre where he is appearing in person to his newspaper office.

Although it's probably a little nerve-racking, tearing around the world must be at least fairly pleasant—and our globe-trotting contributors keep us informed of their progress by sending us cryptic notes, written to arouse our envy. Our dealings with authors, though, aren't half so upsetting as our encounters with cartoonists, those pitiful craftsmen who eke out a hard living by drawing likenesses of beautiful women, posed by fetching models. We've been used to their abstruse references to art (in their drawings) for

quite a while now, but lately the more practical aspects of our relations with the artists are getting a trifle out-of-hand. One cartoonist, whose work we admire very much, sent us a rough sketch of an idea that had been brewing in his mind, with the line neatly attached at the bottom. The line puzzled us, as we could see no connection between it and the sketch, so on his next visit we asked him what it meant. He didn't know. He hadn't merely forgotten, either; the whole thing didn't make sense to him. (Never mind looking for it; it's not in this issue—or any other.)

Some time ago we talked to a certain Broadway columnist who shall be nameless (represented in this number) about doing a piece on New York night life for FOR MEN—AND MEN ONLY! He said fine, he'd write one on just where an out-of-town visitor, male (and minus any female companion), would go for a really "hot" time. It sounded like a swell idea to us, and he seemed rather enthusiastic—until he finally got around to starting actual work on it. Now that he thought of it, he wasn't so sure about this *hot* time, so he imported a pal from his home town for purposes of research. After a few days he phoned us in a rather strained voice to tell us it wasn't true, and would we mind if he did a right-about-face. We asked him what he was talking about (we'd just been talking to another cartoonist), and when he explained himself we told him by all means to go ahead. The experience has shaken him, though; he hasn't been quite the same since.

Whatever you may think, A. J. Liebling's piece in this issue about the gentleman who rocks for a living is not a whimsical concoction of the author's. Mr. Liebling really knows Professor Meyer, and has, in fact, spent many quiet afternoons and evenings talking over the problems of life with the Professor when the latter wasn't really working—just practising. Quite naturally—and why not?—Professor Meyer feels openly scornful towards the participants in the new-fangled sit-down fad. He doesn't think it'll last, however. Most people haven't the patience to sit down very long.

Lyon Mearson's story, entitled, aptly enough, "L'Affaire de Cow's Udder," which appeared in last month's issue, struck such a sympathetic chord that we've induced him to contribute a large batch of similar stories he picked up while in France. At the time we printed the story in question, we thought it was very, very funny—in fact, one of the funniest we'd yet heard—but we had no idea it would start making the nation Cow's Udder-conscious. That's just about what happened, the way things look now. We suppose since we're responsible—along with Mr. Mearson—for getting our readers' minds on the damn things it's up to us to get them off again. We pass. The floor is yours, Mearson!

In our little flurry of travel notes above, we neglected to mention Robert Carse, who has been traipsing over a large part of the globe since knighthood was, as the saying goes, in flower. The stories he's been contributing, he hastens to inform us, should rightly be labelled "semi-fiction." They are all, however, based strictly on *fact*. Just to back up our claims a few paragraphs back, we'd like to include, under the heading of our Department of Authenticity, the fact that Bob's been playing with *fer-de-lances* for years now, and seems to be none the worse for wear.

But to get back to cartoonists (as we do all day long). Aside from the minor point that virtually none of them has a sense of humor, they're really grand guys. Frank Beaven tells us what a poor golfer he is, and what aces Larry Lariar and Adolph Schus are. Next, Lariar claims that he never breaks 120, but that Schus and Beaven are tops. Then Schus pulls the same line, with himself as the dub. What can we think when they invite us out to make up a foursome, on their home course—especially after we'd just told them that some of their stuff wasn't really very funny.

JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

"Well, Mervyn, this is going to be tough on you"

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